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John Mackintosh.



Mr Mackintosh

JOHN MACKINTOSH

A BIOGRAPHY

By

GEO. W. CRUTCHLEY

"The Story of a Great Endeavour."

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LIMITED **LONDON**

Dedication.

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MRS. JOHN MACKINTOSH,

OF WHOM THE SUBJECT OF THIS BIOGRAPHY SAID,

SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH,

"I COULD NOT HAVE DONE THE WORK I HAVE DONE BUT

FOR THE HELP MY WIFE HAS BEEN TO ME."

Author's Note.

The author desires to acknowledge with gratitude the willing co-operation of the relatives and intimate friends of the late John Mackintosh in the preparation of this biography. The Rev. J. E. Mackintosh has given effective assistance and has written the opening chapter, "Early Days." Messrs. H. V. Mackintosh, J. D. V. Mackintosh, W. Patterson, and J. E. Henderson have also rendered invaluable service in the preparation of the business chapters and other portions of the book.

Mr. Mackintosh left many interesting papers and diaries, which are not only a veritable treasury of suggestive thoughts and homely wisdom, but contain so full an account of his travels for business purposes, that we have given the story of his life, as far as possible, in his own words.

This book has been written to meet the extensive demand that Mr. Mackintosh's experiences should be permanently recorded.

Our desire is to make more widely known the sterling character and unconquerable spirit of a great "Captain of Industry," one who by means of a trivial article of commerce built up a world-wide business. That was a notable achievement, but had it stood alone this biography would never have been written. It is the record of a life of unselfish service, the history of one who loved his fellow-men; and we cherish the hope that it will be an inspiration to others, not only to be "diligent in business," but also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

GEORGE W. CRUTCHLEY.

PORTHLEVEN, CORNWALL.

April 20th, 1921.

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John Mackintosh was born on the 7th of July, 1868, in the town of Dukinfield, Cheshire.

His parents were the children of homely folk of upright character and industrious habits. His paternal grandfather, William Mackintosh, came of a stock that hailed from Inverness, and settled in Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire. They were much reduced in circumstances. While still a child, William was carried daily on the back of an older worker to a cotton factory, where he toiled from four in the morning until eight at night. Those were the "good old days" which preceded the passing of the Acts that put an end to child-slavery in England.

Henry Burgess, the maternal grandfather, was for years master of the British school in Wellington Street, Dukinfield, and later a printer and stationer. He was a man of strong literary interests, being a member of a band of intellectuals locally known as the "Literary Twelve," which included Samuel Laycock and several others who had skill in prose or verse. He was keenly interested in politics and all that made for the public good, doing much to secure the removal of a disadvantage from which Dukinfield suffered through the lack of direct road connection with Ashton-under-Lyne. The river Tame, which divided the two boroughs, was passable only on stepping-stones or through a ford. The present Alma bridge was built as the result of a petition to Parliament which was engineered and presented in the House of Commons by a group of men of whom Henry Burgess was chief.

There, on one side of the Tame, lived William and Hannah Mackintosh, rearing their large family on hard work and plain fare ; on the other side, Henry and Martha Burgess reared a family as large, amid as difficult conditions. Each couple brought to adult age a group of children in sound health and imbued with good principles.

Both families passed through the tremendous experience known far and wide as the Cotton Famine. The outbreak of the American Civil War in the spring of 1861 caused such interruption of the supply of cotton as led to the closing-down of many mills, and short-time in the rest. All the years of the war the shortage continued. The pinch was felt in most homes, including those with which we are concerned ; though in them certain members had always some work to do. Wise steps were taken to prevent discontent breaking bounds. Help was organised on a great scale. Educational facilities were placed at the disposal of the workers. Grown men and women went to school ; some for the first time. They began with the alphabet, and were taught reading, writing and arithmetic. Henry Burgess' school was open to the out-of-works, and Mary Jane, afterwards the mother of John Mackintosh, assisted her father in his self-imposed task.

One of the men who took advantage of the educational facilities provided was Joseph Mackintosh, the father of John. He saw in Mary Jane Burgess, not the teacher only, but the wife that was to be. The teacher did not at first smile on his advances ; but inborn resolution, coupled with native worth, ultimately prevailed.

Each was attached to a place of worship ; Joseph to the Methodist New Connexion Church in Stamford Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Mary

Jane to the Albion Congregational Church in the same town. At each Church a prayer-meeting followed the Sunday evening service. Before their engagement both had been accustomed to stay for prayer; and after becoming formally engaged, they agreed to continue the practice at their respective churches. They did not enjoy each other's society until the full round of Sunday duties was completed.

The young couple were married in July, 1865. The Cotton Famine was over. The first loads of raw material had been brought in, the people displacing the horses and drawing the vehicles through the streets with rejoicing.

They began married life humbly; but were not less happy on that account. The bride took uncommon pleasure in the appointments of her home. She had a carpet in the living room, an unusual thing in those days, when it was the rule to be contented with the sanded stones of the floor. The kitchen chairs were of oak, with smooth rush seats. Quite a feature was the big dresser, with its seven drawers and centre cupboard, and its sycamore top scrubbed to a snowy whiteness.

There was no honeymoon, and the wedding gifts were neither numerous nor costly. There were dinner plates, a china basin, a glass celery-vase and salts, and a few other things. The fashion of collective furnishing by friends was unknown, nor did their friends possess the means for this. But if pride in home and joy in each other be a chief asset of the newly-married, Joseph and Mary Jane Mackintosh were rich indeed.

Into this home on the 7th of July, 1868, came John Mackintosh. He was not the first child born into it. The first to come (and to

go) was Robert, who had but just time to endear himself to his parents ere the call came which there is no resisting. John, the second child, was to live on through one-and-fifty strenuous years. A third son, now a minister in the United Methodist Church, Rev. J. E. Mackintosh, of Derby, was born to the parents; then, in succession, five daughters, three of whom are still alive, but two have "fallen asleep."

A few months after John's birth his parents removed to Halifax, then a growing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. An elder brother of his father, after whom John was named, had undertaken the position of manager to Messrs. Bowman Brothers, who had just commenced business there as cotton spinners. Looking round for helpers, John Mackintosh could think of none more likely than his younger brother Joseph, who, at his suggestion, entered the service of the firm.

Wages in those days were not great. A pound a week, or but very little more, was what the young couple had to live upon. On this income, however, they lived comfortably. They secured a home in Woodfield Cottage, a charming old house that had been subdivided for the use of workmen and was situated in a pleasant lane near the mill. A bright living-room looked out through French windows on to a pleasant garden. The yard made a fine playground for the children. A large summer-house, with a swing hanging from its central beam, was an unfailing source of delight to the young ones. The mother was an excellent manager. Limited as her income was, she managed to insure the lives of her children, and to set aside a weekly sum for church and rent.

From the Stamford Street Methodist New Connexion Church, Ashton, the membership of Joseph and Mary Jane Mackintosh was transferred to the Salem Methodist New Connexion Church, Halifax ; not the stately Salem that now stands on North Parade, but " Old " Salem, as it was long affectionately called. In connection with the building of new Salem the following incident occurred. At a meeting of Church members called to consider plans, Joseph Mackintosh, though earning little more than a pound a week, promised five pounds towards the cost of the proposed church. At a later stage he promised a second five pounds, which, like the first, was punctually paid. The remembrance of such things in later days, when the children were old enough to understand, made a deep impression on them. It accounts, in part, for the scale of the after-gifts of John to the church he loved.

A further removal of the family followed the inclusion within Messrs. Bowman's business of the large Union Mills in Pellon Lane. Joseph was given charge of the three upper rooms of the new mill. This, besides bringing increased income and responsibility, necessitated removal to the west side of the town, which led the parents to transfer their Church membership to the little school-church in Hanson Lane, the original of what will be hereafter referred to as ' Queen's Road.'

It was in this new sphere at Union Mills that Joseph Mackintosh's powers of management were for the first time displayed. His natural force of character, and a certain strain of sternness, made him a terror to evildoers. But he was at heart resolutely just. He required from none a standard higher than the one to which he himself conformed. For well-nigh fifty years he daily went

to and from the mills. Never was he late, though toward the end he took a longer interval for rest at noon than was allowed to others. Always, wet or fine, winter and summer, he was at his post by six o'clock in the morning ; and within a few minutes of starting-time, he would go his rounds. The iron door in the middle of the great room would be opened and the slight form appear. Immediately all signs of levity ceased. The flippant became serious and the idle industrious. The stern eyes took all in. The bearing of the workers was an instinctive tribute to his authority. His ascendancy was complete. Men of the greatest technical competence served under him, and also men of well-nigh untamable spirit ; but there was not one who did not see in that quiet man his master.

When all went well he had apparently little to do. He would be out of sight for hours. But if fire broke out, as it did more than once or twice, there would be an exhibition of tempestuous energy, and none would go nearer than he to the seat of the flames. If a rope were weakened in the great rope-house, Mackintosh himself would repair it, and repair it so well, and so fix it in its place on the mighty drum, that it would transmit the drive of the engine to the machinery with a minimum loss of power.

It was a lesson in patience and in the art of observation to see him watching machinery with a view of locating defects or of applying remedies. Wherever there was difficulty, a breakdown, or danger, there was Joseph Mackintosh.

How he would have fared had Trade Unionism existed in his day, one does not know. He served in the old days of individual bargaining, and he served well. He would ill have brooked the harassments modern employers have to face. He

would have approved some developments, but he would not have borne the dictation to which many in positions of authority are now subject.

One phase of his life impressed his family and all who knew him as heroic. As the result of an accident in boyhood, which caused an injury to the roof of his mouth, a malady developed which ultimately proved to be cancer. His sufferings were great; but greater was the courage, the energy, the faith by which they were borne. He felt he *must* not give in until his elder son was launched in business, and his younger son seen through college. And those who knew how racked with pain he was, how weakened with loss of blood, how complete a stranger to ease of body and mind, could not see him on his rounds without realising that here was a hero. The fact that he did thus that others might have a better chance, made his sternness appear but the shadow cast by inescapable calamity.

This was the atmosphere in which John Mackintosh lived. Before his eyes daily was an example of devotion to duty—stern and unbending devotion; of business efficiency; of heroic persistency in work for the sake of others when life was empty of pleasurable contentment.

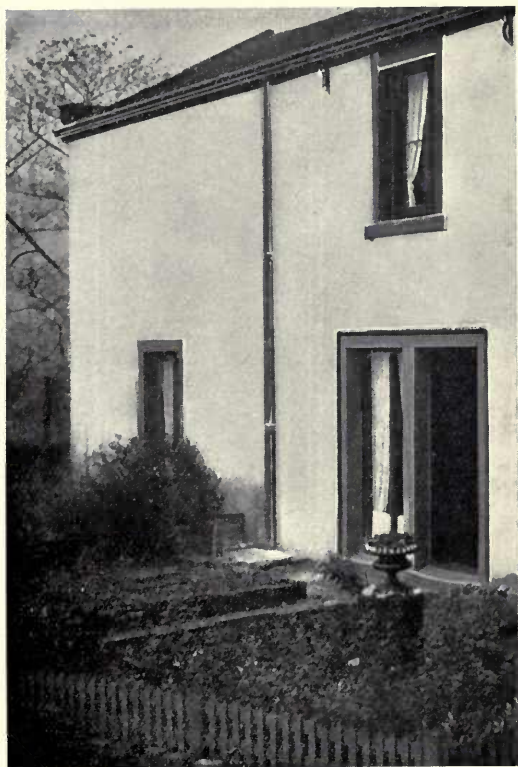
John was not cast in the stern mould of his father. There was more of his mother in him. He had his mother's brightness; her kind ways; her diffidence in saying 'No.' But in work he was his father. He could toil strenuously. He could become a slave to the interests of others. And when the suffering-time came, there was the same heroic persistence to duty.

Not, like his father, did he persist amid the clamour of machinery, but in the quiet of a managing director's office, in public meetings, in Church courts and on the magisterial bench.

To those who knew him best, it was a relief that the end came in the quiet of his own home, and not, as might well have been the case, in the midst of some public function or business task.

Serving as the completest possible foil to his Spartan father was John's mother ; his opposite, yet his complement, in all respects. Though never a strict disciplinarian, she was able to get her way with her children by the force of her kindly disposition. She believed in a weekly half-holiday from school for her children—a popular enough belief with them, though not always with the school authorities. She did not allow her home-tasks to keep her from reading. She was younger than most people of her years, and she deliberately kept young by loving young things and having them always about her. She would even be guilty at times of leaving occupations some would think should not be left, that she might give the children a day in the country. And how they loved her for it ! She had a gift for story-telling, though not so great a gift as her sister, 'Aunt Minnie,' who would come in of an evening and talk and knit for hours. What tales Aunt Minnie told to the flashing of her needles ! She plied the children with romance and kept them in hose at the same time.

The father was over-strict at times ; the mother, perhaps, not strict enough. But, whatever the parents' defects, the children knew that first things were first with them. The father would be in his place in church twice on a Sunday, and his family with him. The children would be twice also in Sunday school ; and this, not of constraint, but from choice. And busy as the mother was, she was one of the most effective and popular Sunday School teachers whenever the exigencies of family life made it possible for



Woodfield Cottage—The Home of early childhood.

her to attend. Time and again she was appointed, at her own request, to the most difficult class in school. She had a way with her that few could resist.

Church and Sunday school meaning much to the parents, it is not surprising that they came to mean much to the children. It made all the difference that the parents led in matters of religion and duty. The children were predisposed to value highly what was valued by the parents.

John Mackintosh entered this heritage, and his whole after life was coloured by it.

The heritage was a strenuous one. Modern views as to the limitations of labour were not yet to the fore. He began his working life in 1878, when but ten years old, working as 'half-timer' for the firm which his father and uncle served. He had no sense of hardship in this, but was rather proud of it. Nor was his position singular. The majority of the boys about him began work at the same age. The question of half-time was not then regarded as it is to-day. The standards of education were not the same; nor were the views of liberty. Men did not know they were ill-paid or ill-used. Youth did not know it. Children, far from regarding half-time as a hardship, were eager to begin. It was only in later life that the price paid in hindered education and, perhaps, arrested growth, was realised. However, the price paid, in many cases, was not great. The work was not *too* hard. The rule was kindly. The discipline of drudgery was not without good effects. Muscles were hardened, self-dependence was encouraged, and, by resolute pursuit of private study, a degree of self-culture that seems lacking in the more highly favoured young people of our time, was not seldom attained. The conditions were Spartan, the tests

severe ; yet those who won through came often into a richer heritage than is realised in these days.

For three years John Mackintosh was a half-timer, working six mornings of one week, from six o'clock until one in the afternoon ; and five afternoons of the next, from two to five-thirty.

He had to 'pass' the doctor—a kindly veteran, whose way was to regard the examinee with shrewd eyes, give him a playful poke in the ribs, and send him back to his work with a bit of wise counsel.

John's first week's wage was half-a-crown, and big money he thought it. Nothing he afterwards received seemed quite so satisfying, or had about it the glamour of that first earned coin.

At thirteen years of age he became a 'full-timer,' working thenceforward the full fifty-six-and-a-half-hours week then customary.

He worked twelve years for Messrs. Bowman Brothers, rising from the position of 'half-timer' to that of 'minder' of a pair of 'twiners,' as the 'doubling' machine of that period was termed. It was hard work, and not, after the first novelty was gone, in the highest sense congenial. The thought was often in his mind, as it had been in his father's before him, to leave it and launch out in some other line.

At an early age John Mackintosh became engaged to Miss Violet Taylor, also of Halifax, who afterwards became his wife. She was as closely attached as he to Queen's Road Church and School ; an attachment she still cherishes. Drawn together by common interests, they manifested a preference for each other which quickly ripened into love. Sharing John's religious interests and activities, as she afterwards shared those of his business career, Violet was from beginning to

end a true helpmate, without whom John's life would have lacked something of strength and grace.

The home in which John was brought up, though that of a working man, was not a poor one. His father's earnings, except in the first few years of married life, ensured a sufficiency of life's good things. Always a little was laid by weekly, which furnished the means eventually of purchasing the house in which the family lived. Later, the father's earnings were supplemented by those of the children. The continuation of these conditions of comfort, however, was contingent on the father's state of health; and that, we have seen, was not good. Shortly after the departure of the younger son for college, the father's health broke down. For months he was seriously ill. Recovering in part, he again resumed his labours, in the hope that he might make things easier for his children. But it was not to be. He was at length compelled to acknowledge defeat, and about midnight on April 30th, 1891, he passed to his rest.

It was at this most difficult time, with sickness hanging over the home and himself largely responsible for home-maintenance, that the decisions were made which resulted in the commencement of the business with which the name of John Mackintosh is everywhere associated. During an interval of relief at home, John married, and took possession of Hanover House, in King Cross Street, Halifax, where his career as a manufacturing confectioner was begun. For a time he continued to work in the mills, but at length he gave it up and ventured on the move that was to bring him fortune.

Letters written to his brother, and happily still preserved, reveal the stress under which

these decisions were taken. They show one considerate of others, helpful in the parental home, and intent on serving the Church.

On December 5th, 1889, John Mackintosh wrote :—

“Dear Brother,

I have just an hour to spare, so I take this opportunity of spending it pleasantly and profitably; for although we cannot talk face to face, our talk will be none the less real. I am glad you have kept us in mind so much while you have been away, and that your different surroundings have in nowise dimmed your vision of home. In a very short time you will be amongst us again. How we are all looking forward to the time! I expect we shall all look much as we did when we parted, unless it be a trifle sadder on account of poor father. I am sorry to say he does not improve much yet. He has been rather better for a day or two, but to-day he has fallen off again. He is quite conscious, however, which makes it nicer for us all. It has been rather hard work for us while he has been rambling. He wanted so much watching, but he has been quieter this last night or two. We have stayed up with him every night since he left his work, but have divided the work amongst us. V. and I stayed with him on Saturday night, J.W. and A. on Sunday night. On Monday night V. and I stayed with him until two a.m., when mother relieved us. Tuesday, I went to bed till twelve, and I stayed up Wednesday night. Sometimes he looks as if he would get better. At other times it looks impossible. We shall have to leave it in God's hands to do as He thinks best.

“Christmas is almost here again. How the time flies. It only seems a few months since we were boys together making a list for Santa Claus. What happy times we had in that old attic in Rose Street! How the room has echoed with our laughter? How our mother's blood ran cold at our yells and din? And how we simmered down when father put in an unexpected appearance? Well, we are not much more than lads yet, only life has begun to be a stern reality. We have our way to make in the world. A few years ago life was only a dream. We had no care, nor anxiety about our future. Now we have to form plans on which to build. We are often puzzled as to what is the best thing to do, but having formed our plans, I pray that we may have strength to carry them out; and that God will bless our lives, if not with abundant wealth in the things of this world, then with abundance of grace and love for our heavenly Father.

"I hope as each Christmas comes round, we shall get more like Him, whose birthday we shall soon be so glad to welcome as Bringer of peace and goodwill to all men."

The remainder of the letter contains news of Church and Sunday school. He is getting up a programme for a concert and asks his brother's aid. He reports the doings of the 'Mental Culture Class' and the successful visit of a missionary from China. Then he adds :

"I have exhausted my paper, and more than my hour ; and, like you, I have more to say. But I shall have to submit to the inevitable and bring my letter to a close. I am writing this in J.W.'s.; H. is here with me. We are keeping each other company. She sends her love, as do Violet, Father, Mother and all at home.

Your loving brother,

JOHN."

The next letter was written sixteen months later. The father had recovered from his earlier illness, had returned to work, and had again broken down. The writer of the letter had married in the interval ; had begun business on his own account ; and had decided henceforth to depend wholly on his own efforts. The letter is a characteristic blend of business courage, family feeling, and Christian faith.

24/4/1891.

" Dear James,

I was at our folk's last night and promised to write to you. I think this will be in place of sister's usual letter. I shall have to be brief, as I have only a few minutes to spare. I shall be leaving Bowman's on Thursday noon. I shall then have worked my notice. You see, I am going to risk it. After considering all the points, I came to the conclusion that the above course was the only one that was likely to succeed. I should have liked to have kept on at the mill at least another twelve months had things been different. We shall have to be determined now to make things go.

"I suppose that sister told you in her last how very ill father was. He is still sinking. I am afraid what he said to you when you left about not seeing you again on earth is going to prove

true. We are expecting every day to be his last. He has scarcely eaten anything for over a week ; nothing at all since last Friday. He has not strength enough to raise himself in bed. He is almost continually repeating verses of Scripture, and he talks about going home in such a splendid manner. He is quite different from what he was a while back. He likes us to talk about Heaven, and the rest there will soon be for him. He does not want to get better ; all he is waiting for is Jesus. He is not afraid to die. It is grand to think that, if we only will, we may meet him again in health and strength.

"He has been a good father to us, and I believe what has made him cling to life so, is his desire to see us all get a good start in life. He was only saying to me on Sunday, he had hoped to see you through college and me fairly into business. And he said he hoped we should help one another all we could. I promised to do all I could to help you."

The father died two days later. The business venture was abundantly justified by results. The promise made by the father's bedside was fulfilled.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."—Solomon (Prov. XXII., 29).

A sack of sugar, a tub of butter and a few pastries ; these were the capital with which in the year 1890, John Mackintosh began the little business which grew under his hand to world-wide dimensions.

The pastry-cook's shop in King Cross Lane was opened a few days after his marriage, and from the first his young wife proved to be a true helpmate for him. All their small joint savings were put into this venture. Even the luxury of a short honeymoon, which they had cherished, had to be postponed, and the few days between their wedding and the opening of the business were spent in purchasing a few extra items of stock with the remainder of their available cash.

Mr. Mackintosh's business life may be divided into three periods : there were the opening five years, during which success was secured at once and quick progress made. Then followed the period of fifteen years when he had to work hard with practically no profits, a time when several of his employees were receiving higher remuneration than he was making for himself. This was the period in which the business was firmly established on a sound basis. Afterwards came the last period of about ten years, when real permanent success and affluence were secured. Unfortunately, he was not permitted to enjoy for long the sweets of prosperity, for he worked to the last day of his life.

With characteristic business thoroughness, Mr. Mackintosh kept a careful and extensive diary recording his vast business experience. These records are full of practical information and suggestions of real value to business men.

The romantic story of the business told by its founder:—

“The rise and progress of any business of repute,” wrote Mr. Mackintosh, “is of great interest to many people, and it is because we know this that we have decided to tell to our millions of customers and others the history of ‘Mackintosh’s Toffee.’ The founder of the business, whose name it bears, opened his first retail shop in Halifax, Yorkshire, thirty years ago. From the opening day this shop attracted customers, the aim of the owner being to offer only articles extra specially good in an establishment spotlessly clean.

“It was a pastry-cook’s business, and people came from far and near to buy the specialities offered for sale. After the first months had gone by the proprietor was casting about for some new attractions to help to increase the takings of the shop. In those days half the money taken in an establishment of that kind was taken on Saturdays; therefore the half holiday was the ‘Gala Day.’ The assistants were there in full numbers, and Friday was a hard day in the bakehouse preparing for the great sales day. The window was packed with meat pies, fruit pies, Madeira cakes, Eccles cakes, sponge loaves, and a thousand and one other good things. What else could be put in that crowded window? An idea came to the proprietor, ‘Why not have just one line in sweets, making it a special line?’ But what? Turkish Delight? Chocolate? York-



John Mackintosh at the age of 18 years.

shire Mint Rock? &c. All were considered, all could be turned to good account, but none of them appealed to the person most interested.

"Another idea suggested itself! In those days there was very little in the way of toffee as we know it to-day. English toffee was mostly hard and brittle, a pure enough article but lacking something; at least so thought the originator of 'Mackintosh's Toffee.' It had been noticed that caramels were being imported into England from America. These were very soft to the teeth. Then came the great idea! Why not blend the English butterscotch and the American caramel? Experiments were made and an article was produced which was named 'Mackintosh's Celebrated Toffee.'

"An advertisement was put out locally in Halifax, inviting the public to come and taste a free sample at our establishment. Hundreds came and long before closing time we were 'Sold out!'

"On the Monday morning following, another advertisement appeared reading like this:—

ON SATURDAY LAST,
you were eating
MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE
at our expense;
NEXT SATURDAY pay us
another visit and eat it at
your own expense.

And they did! When business opened on Saturday morning there was the largest display of toffee (or any other special sweetmeat) ever

seen in Halifax. It began to look like a toffee shop. The pies and the cakes, the cheese tarts and the Eccles cakes, made a brave show, but the little mountain of deliciously inviting toffee made your mouth water.

"It could only have one end. We kept the money separate for the toffee, and before long the takings for the latter outstripped the receipts for all the rest of the articles sold.

"The window was painted in nice bold letters denoting that the establishment was intended to be a high-class pastry-cook's, but the public altered all that, they called it 'The Toffee Shop,' and people came from all parts of Halifax for the popular commodity.

"Now a good thing soon becomes known ; few people are really selfish enough to keep a good thing to themselves ; so very soon the fame of the Halifax Toffee had reached neighbouring towns and retailers were beginning to sell it.

"That was the commencement of the wholesale business, which rapidly spread out first to the West Riding, then to the whole of Yorkshire, then to other parts of the North of England, and so on, until it was being sold North, South, East and West.

"Nor did it stop there. The Colonies quickly showed that they wanted this good old English toffee, and other countries, too, demanded it ; so that to-day from China to Peru, and almost from Pole to Pole, there is scarcely a country that does not know 'Mackintosh's Toffee.' So from that little 'Toffee Shop' a huge factory employing over 1,000 people has grown and given to Halifax a new fame and a new name ; for it is known to-day, the world over, as 'Toffee Town.'

"Almost every town has a shop of some kind with a history of success in some speciality ;

but it does not come to all to carry these small beginnings to national and then to international success."

This interesting account was, at a later date, supplemented by Mr. Mackintosh with the following further details:—

"I spent the first six years, buying experience, cutting my wisdom teeth, and putting back into the business every penny I made.

"The one great danger in a fast growing business is that of shortage of capital; for although one can usually get all the capital one requires after a business has succeeded, few can get it when it would seem most useful, at the beginning.



Fae-simile reproduction of the first pictorial advertisement for Mackintosh's Toffes.

"This is not an unmixed evil, for at any rate it ensures that one will look before one leaps. I did succeed in borrowing £50 when I commenced business, but I got a good blowing up because I was half a day late with my interest at the end of the first half year. I paid both principal and interest shortly afterwards. I had

more anxiety about that £50 than I had from anything else in connection with the business. Later I had good big overdrafts at the bank, but that was child's play in comparison; because bank managers when they have once agreed to lend you a sum of money, don't follow you about to see if you go to 'The Pictures,' or if your wife has got a new hat. They take good care before they lend, to make sure that you and your business are worth it. But once they have taken the plunge it's up to you to justify their confidence, and they don't harass you. Of course, at one time or another, most business houses have had their principal in the 'inner room,' but one of our leading bankers recently said, 'If there is any sweating done in that room, the sweating is done by the bank manager!'

"I have no doubt it is a mutual affair, with the odds against the borrower. Since then I have had the pleasure of being invited to the aforesaid room when I have been lending to the bank, but I always have a 'What are you doing there, you naughty boy,' sort of feeling, reminiscent of those days when my errand was rather different. But I must leave a correct impression. I can honestly say that my bankers have treated me justly. At times when I rather looked for criticism they have surprised me with their trust in my word and their decision to back my judgments, and to them must be given some credit for their share in the development of my business. This is the true method of banking in my opinion, to help to develop the businesses of the town, taking legitimate risks along with the manufacturers or merchants.

"The second six years were taken up in establishing business in the North of England

and in the Midlands. Our method was to work a county at a time and do it thoroughly. No town was missed, but each was worked methodically. A map was kept in the office, with pins something like those used in marking the advances on the war maps, and different coloured pins were used as 'unworked' towns became 'worked' towns.

"This kind of thing went on for many years, until at last we could say that there was not a town and scarcely a village where our goods were not to be found. Every town is regularly visited by our representatives. We do nothing slovenly or half-heartedly. We have a system, and no one is allowed to upset it.

"Just going back to the beginning again, I would recommend any person in business not to try to do too much in one day. I remember the time when I worked hard all day at the factory and then started on my books at night, thereby half killing myself. When I got someone to do the books I saw what a fool I had been, for the relief was great, and part of the time saved I was able to put into the development of new schemes, and thus get the business further ahead with less expenditure of energy. It is the direction of energy that counts in business. If anyone in a business should have time to spare it is the principal. If his every moment is occupied there is no time to think, plan and scheme. Most businesses are crippled because the chief is occupied from morning to night with all sorts of things that are of minor importance. Unless they are of the greatest consequence strike against your own system and make time for thinking."

The first supply of the toffee that was afterwards to acquire a world-wide fame was boiled

by Mrs. Mackintosh in a brass pan over the kitchen fire. In those days it took an hour to boil and cool ten pounds of toffee; to-day, the steam pans, each holding several hundred-weights, are turning out nearly ten tons an hour, and much of the machinery in use was invented by Mr. Mackintosh.

Six months after the little business had been established in King Cross Lane, Mr. Mackintosh came to the momentous decision to leave his secure position in the mill and devote all his energies to the success of the new venture.

Highly coloured and highly flavoured sweets were then popular, and these, together with chocolates, had the confectionery trade practically to themselves. Mr. Mackintosh's venture was regarded as risky, but from the first he realised the value of such a homely commodity as toffee as a commercial article, and from being a trivial article of trade he raised it to its present position as the national sweetmeat.

He knew nothing of such articles as glucose, vanillin crystals, &c., nor even of thermometers; there were just sugar and butter, with a pan in which to boil the mixture. Good quality, commonsense, fair dealing and advertising did the rest. There is a Yorkshire couplet—

“Early to bed, early to rise,
Never get drunk and advertise.”

It is doubtful whether Mr. Mackintosh adopted the first suggestion, for he had to work both early and late. He certainly never got drunk; but from the very commencement of his business he advertised.

Trade increased so rapidly that the shop became too small, and a stall was opened in the market, a smart young man being put in charge.

The toffee was still boiled at home, poured into trays, and packed in a tin travelling trunk. It was carried to market in a hand-cart, and was broken up with a hammer on arrival. Not till years later was it cut up by machinery into small pieces and wrapped and packed in the dainty form now familiar to us. The hand-cart was at length superseded by a horse and cart. The horse was bought by Mr. Mackintosh for £11, and was named "Tommy." Some years afterwards "Tommy" was sold for 37/6. On hearing of this transaction, Mrs. Mackintosh remarked, "And I have just paid 37/- for a wooden horse for the children."

Soon the retail shop gave place to a small manufacturing business, and its first home was in a warehouse in Bond Street, Halifax. This was in 1894. The following year the business was removed to somewhat larger premises in Hope Street—an appropriate name—the top floor of which was rented. Trade continued to increase, and in 1899 the factory in Queen's Road was built and equipped with the most modern machinery. The following year the business was turned into a private company, and other factories were acquired in the town.

When the business expanded to national dimensions the Company's financial resources were drained to the last farthing, and the chief difficulty was not to get trade, but to find the money requisite to run the works. Though the business was highly successful, the want of capital on several occasions nearly brought it to an end. Money was required for the purpose of extension both at home and abroad. The pinch was felt most severely at the close of the South African War, when the Government put a tax on sugar. This made the confectionery trade a lean thing,

just at the time when fresh capital was needed in every direction.

But difficulties only proved the man. A directors' meeting was held in Mr. Mackintosh's home, when he was suffering from a severe attack of gout. The bank was pulling him up when the business was making great headway. No possible means of getting over the difficulty presented themselves. The outlook was black, and even to continue to run the works for another week appeared impossible. But in face of impending disaster his faith and courage did not falter, and he declared that he 'would never be beaten, and if necessary he would begin again at the bottom.'

Mr. Mackintosh possessed a wonderful power of inspiring others with his own optimism. Even the least hopeful began to believe in the possibility of success. At length the clouds rolled away; but for many years not a single penny was paid in dividends.

Some people do not care to be reminded of their early days, when with little experience, less capital and no encouragement, they fought their way to the top. But Mr. Mackintosh was always ready to talk about his early struggles, and though he could laugh and jest over experiences that were grim enough at the time, he was never ashamed of them. He had proved that he was acting on sound lines, and there is much satisfaction in finding that the hopes and aims of past days have been realised.

It was the remembrance of his own trials that caused him to lend a sympathetic ear, and often a helpful hand, to other business men in difficulties. Of many such kindly deeds there is no record, for 'He did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame,' and he endeavoured to



Mr. & Mrs. Mackintosh on their Wedding Day.

make those he thus lifted up feel that they were under no obligation to him. So long as the man was obviously trying to do his best, Mr. Mackintosh would trust him absolutely, and whether things went well or ill would never chide or complain; nor did he expect to share in the success which he helped to achieve.

The strain of a great business did not make him slack in his work for the Church and Sunday School. He would often remain at his office until 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, then go straight to Queen's Road Sunday School to attend a Church meeting, either of a business or religious character, returning at its close to his desk until midnight. Nor did he regard this work as being of small value to himself, for he frequently declared that much of his ability to conduct his own business and to deal tactfully with other men came from the experience gained when in office in the Sunday School.

Mr. Mackintosh's family naturally displayed a keen interest in the business. When his eldest boy was only a little fellow, he used to include in his prayers the following quaint petition:—“Oh Lord take care of the works, and never let them be ‘blowed’ up, nor ‘blowed’ down. And they were not; but he forgot to mention fire. On November 2nd, 1911, the works at Queen's Road were burned to the ground. This disaster coming just when the worst of Mr. Mackintosh's difficulties were surmounted, was a heavy blow to him. His house was only a short distance from the factory, and in the dead of night he was awakened by a man informing him that a little puff of smoke was issuing from under the warehouse door. This was evidently his kindly way of breaking the news, for he had scarcely uttered the words when the roof of the factory fell with

a crash, and the glare of the flames illuminated the country-side for miles around.

Mr. Mackintosh was quickly on the spot, and after doing all that was humanly possible, he saw that the works were doomed. His mother's house was opposite the burning building, and this great-hearted man took his wife across, and together with the mother they knelt in prayer on the floor of the little parlour. There, with the room lighted up by the flames from the ruins across the road, they commended themselves and all their affairs to their Heavenly Father's keeping, and "cast their burden on the Lord."

This was the last serious check that Mr. Mackintosh had to sustain, and he acted promptly, with his accustomed energy and foresight. The business was at once transferred, in part, to premises adjoining Halifax Station. Gradually the entire business was resumed in the newly acquired buildings, and then rapidly extended, until at length the present large group of factories was occupied. These splendidly equipped works are ten times greater in capacity than the one destroyed by fire in Queen's Road. That factory has now been rebuilt, and is the home of the chocolate branch of the business. It is an interesting comparison to note here that for many years the great firm of 'John Mackintosh Ltd.' has produced toffee in such huge quantities, that it has had the heaviest railway carriage account of any firm in Halifax and district.

When the first company of John Mackintosh Limited was floated in the year 1899 the capital was £15,000, Mr. Mackintosh receiving as the purchase price a large proportion of the Ordinary Shares. The issue, small as it was, proved to be greater than the faith of the promoter, for

it was under-subscribed by the sum of £3,000. It was essential that the entire amount should be raised in order to complete the building of the new factory. Mr. Mackintosh requested his solicitor to accompany him to the bank, where they interviewed the manager, and asked for a loan of £3,000. The manager was indignant, and resented even being asked to make such an advance for the purpose of manufacturing toffee. "Why," said he, astonished at the audacity of the applicant, "if you made all the toffee that the United Kingdom could consume, you could never employ £15,000 capital. I call it fool-hardy!" The bank manager was obdurate for a time, and absolutely declined to find the money. But after three other interviews he relented; though, before the money could be obtained, Mr. Mackintosh had to deposit as security every share he had received in payment for the business.

The local printer who printed the prospectuses of the company relates that, when Mr. Mackintosh went to pay the account he was given half-a-dozen spare copies which were left over. Putting them into an envelope, Mr. Mackintosh said, "We will keep these; they will come in useful when we are floating it for £100,000." Since then, in the present year, 1921, the new company of John Mackintosh & Sons, Limited, has been formed, with a capital of £750,000!

Such is the romance of business.

"I determined to bring London to our way of thinking."—John Mackintosh.

One never thinks of Mackintosh without thinking of toffee, and one never thinks of toffee without thinking of Mackintosh. This is what thirty years of consistent advertising on a national scale has done. Here we have a man who thirty years ago saw his opportunity and seized it.

In any account of his business life it would be impossible to ignore the origin and development of Mr. Mackintosh's genius as an advertiser. It must necessarily form an important chapter in this book. The publicity side of any business is the visible sign by which it is known to the general public. It is the mirror in which the man behind the advertising is seen.

Although Mr. Mackintosh had a great belief in advertisement, he attached still greater importance to the quality of his goods. That thought was always first in his mind from the very earliest days to the end. Nothing was allowed to interfere with it, and it was because he put quality before advertisement that his advertising was productive of such good results.

His views on this subject were given with some fulness of detail, to a gathering of business men in the following address on 'Advertising':

"I advertised on the day that I opened my first retail shop in King Cross Street. It was in a part of the street that was neither in the town nor out of it, usually a very awkward situation for a retailer. Shops round about were changing hands rather often,—not a good sign.

I stood outside the shop and watched the people go by ; I counted two thousand in a certain period of time, that passed my door. I figured out how much I should draw if twenty five per cent. of them could be got inside to spend a few coppers each. Then I planned an advertisement to get them in, and I don't think there was a more crowded shop on a Saturday from King Cross to Barum Top. Of course it was for small purchases, but the 'little and often' adds up.

"Any one who can remember King Cross Street on a Saturday thirty years ago will know that there was a constant stream of people passing, mostly from Sowerby Bridge and King Cross. Nine out of ten came down my side of the street, the left-hand side going down.

"I tapped these people at the source and sent handbills round Sowerby Bridge, choosing Friday or Saturday morning for the distribution, so that the bill contents would be fresh in their minds. Of course the local newspaper advertising was bringing people from other parts of the town as well. Most business men have had experience of that disheartening moment when little alterations in the manner of dealing with transit upsets one's business apple-cart. The twopenny 'bus did it with me. Up to this time everybody walked, but the advent of those sumptuous, smooth-running (?) vehicles, Marsh's 'buses, took everybody off their legs as it were ; and, if I remember rightly, at twopence a time. How the people did go for those 'buses !

"I could see them riding by, and my takings fell off twenty-five per cent. As Saturday was worth all the rest of the week put together, the loss of trade was considerable. I did not shut up my shop, however ; I simply went after them,

and opened a branch shop in the market, and made an arrangement with a shop at Sowerby Bridge to sell, and so I did more business than ever. This was all very well so far as it went, but it did not satisfy me. I felt more cut out for manufacturing and selling on a bigger scale.

"I argued that if people came to my shop I could get them to go to shops nearer to their own home by advertising. So I had the shop-keepers of Halifax called upon, and nearly everyone bought a little, and I sold more goods than ever. But I quitted my own retail shop, because people would not come out of their way to my establishment when they could buy the same article at the same price in their own street. I sold out and became a manufacturer only, and have remained one ever since.

"At that period I began to broaden out my advertising, taking in such papers as the 'Yorkshire Evening Post,' for we were developing business in neighbouring towns. We had many heart-breaking experiences. We were up against competitors who knew the game better than we did, and would have been glad to see us go under. Of course we always respect honest competition and could relate many instances in which we have benefited by such competition, as doubtless others have done.

"I was already getting wise to what was wrong with my business. If I wanted to keep it from those who would have stolen it if they might, I must do *more advertising* and so make the public my body-guard as it were. I had by this time the country sufficiently worked to warrant me in coming out with a national advertising scheme, but only on a moderate scale. I consulted an 'Advertising Agent,' who represented one of the oldest advertising houses in

England. They have been agents of mine ever since. We decided that magazines would suit my purpose, as I could get into the leading magazines with the appropriation I was able to spend, and they circulated everywhere. These advertisements had a very good result, but there was some leakage, as we had not yet worked the South Coast towns, and above all, London was the great unknown so far as 'Mackintosh's Toffee' was concerned.

"I DETERMINED TO BRING LONDON TO OUR WAY OF THINKING, and I appointed a good man and did some hard work for a year, calling upon wholesale dealers only. At the end we were no further forward, and yet I knew that Londoners were asking for the toffee at the shops, for we were putting out feelers in that direction.

"At the end of the year I instructed our London man to cease calling upon wholesale dealers, to open an office and depôt in the City; then to put an advertisement in the 'Telegraph' for commission men, who would sell the toffee to shops for cash against goods. We got fifteen commission salesmen who set to work at once, calling upon the retailers and selling for cash on delivery. The salesmen posted their orders to the depôt each night.

"Orders grew until we had thousands of parcels disposed of regularly. At the end of the year we did business with most retail confectioners in London, and we got a reputation for prompt delivery. We had also every wholesale dealer we wanted. It was surprising how interested they became in our goods after we had captured the retailers. Our depôt grew until it was a very respectable size, with its own motor delivery vans and numerous travellers and commission salesmen. . . . Later similar depôts

were established in all the largest centres. It was not until I got London that I was able to get every ounce of value from the national advertising we were doing. It is never wise to push on a great advertising scheme until the whole of the ground your advertising covers is worked and the goods are obtainable."

Such is Mr. Mackintosh's own account of his first adventures in advertising. Advertising is to business what romance is to literature. In both, imagination, originality and courage are essential. With his fertile brain, and a new field before him which was all his own, it was natural for Mr. Mackintosh to rise to the first rank as one of the world's great advertisers.

Thirty years ago the consumption of sweetmeats was for the most part limited to children; they were the toffee manufacturers' best customers, and his appeals were chiefly directed to them. Now, that generation of young people has grown up, and its love for 'Mackintosh's' has grown with it. Advertising cannot always complete its aim in a few years, but may take a generation to materialise.

Mr. Mackintosh's first outstanding adventure in advertising was a great prize scheme which at the time was an absolute novelty. This was a competition for young and old, with no limits for age or distance within the United Kingdom. The chief prize was a model cottage valued, at the time, at £250. Coupons from packets of toffee had to be collected and sent to the firm. There were hundreds of other prizes, increasing in value according to the number of coupons gathered. The most successful competitor, an Irish lady, had almost enough useful articles, won as prizes, to furnish the cottage.

Mr. Mackintosh learned from this competition that such schemes have the great disadvantage of disappointing so many entrants that they make more dissatisfied people than actual friends. He avoided this mistake in his next venture by an ingenious and amusing arrangement, as the reader will presently discover.

This was a Scholarship Competition. Large spaces were taken in many of the great newspapers, setting forth the conditions of the competition, which was open to all children. The announcements were addressed chiefly to schoolmasters and parents, and they were asked to get the little folk to send to the firm a short essay telling exactly what they thought of "Mackintosh's Toffee." The prizes were awarded for merit in composition, writing and general neatness, and the age of the competitor was taken into consideration. Many prizes were offered equally to boys and girls, the chief prizes being a scholarship to the value of £30 a year for three years; one to the most successful boy, and another to the most successful girl competitor.

The response was very great; over ten thousand boys and girls entered the competition, and naturally were lavish in their praise of 'Mackintosh's.' The scholarships were won by a boy in Scotland and a girl in the North of England, and it is gratifying to know that in both cases proved a great help to them, enabling them to continue their education for three years longer than would otherwise have been possible. Both of them kept in touch with the firm for many years, and the last time they were heard of the boy had secured his B.Sc., and was making great progress in the teaching profession, whilst the girl, who went on to college, has become Secretary to a Cabinet Minister.

But every child who sent in an essay and was not successful in gaining a prize (and 99 per cent. were in this class) received a nicely decorated certificate, on which the child's name appeared in all the grandeur of gold lettering.

In one family this had a rather serio-comedy result, the mother receiving a certificate for each of her five children, who had all entered the competition. The idea was sound, nevertheless, and this general recognition of juvenile efforts did harm to none. The children felt that they had received some little reward for their trouble, and hundreds of these certificates were framed and proudly hung in the children's bedrooms. Many still hang there, though the recipients have long since left the land of make-believe for that of stern reality.

Another method of advertisement adopted by Mr. Mackintosh which was of considerable value to young people, was the "School Shop." The idea was first suggested to him in the year 1914 by an educationalist of considerable experience. A definite scheme was evolved, in which some ten or twelve other manufacturing and advertising firms co-operated, the aim being to link up advertisement with a practical business training in the day-schools. The suggestions were laid before schoolmasters throughout the country, who received the scheme favourably. So helpful did it prove, that in a brief period it was adopted in several thousands of schools.

The "School Shop" consists of dummy packages of well-known goods manufactured by the firms participating in the scheme. In this way a complete grocer's store is equipped and sent to the school. There is paper money, invoices, order-books, and in many outfits a real cash-till is included. This new method of

teaching aroused the interest of the scholars, and they were soon buying and selling, making out invoices, taking off discounts and percentages, and irksome arithmetical tasks were transformed into pretty play.

The "School Shop" outfit was found useful in many ways. Articles such as tins, bottles, &c., were used for drawing or painting lessons, or scholars would be required to find the cubic capacity of some unusually shaped package. The scheme was both ingenious and instructive, for it established a real school-shop, and enabled the teachers to give a technical education in business methods to future tradesmen. The educational authorities expressed their hearty approval, and thanked the originators for the outfit which was supplied to the schools free of cost. The scheme is still being worked in a large number of schools throughout the United Kingdom.

Mr. Mackintosh believed that if he could get the public to sample his goods, they would not only become regular customers but self-appointed agents. Special caravans toured the country from village to village and from town to town, giving away free samples or selling small trial quantities. These vans were not limited to England, but, twenty years ago, might have been seen on the roads of Belgium, France, and many other countries and colonies.

Tents were also erected at sea-side resorts for a similar purpose, and free cinema exhibitions were given. This was quite a new departure, for at that period the cinematograph was still something of a novelty to the general public.

Another method to achieve the same end was to arrange with a shopkeeper in a good position to set aside a certain Saturday as "Toffee Saturday." The arrangement was largely advertised

locally, well in advance of the day, and in consequence large crowds of people visited the shop to receive a free sample of 'Mackintosh's Toffee.' Free coupons were distributed at the schools in the town on the previous Friday, and a happy crowd of youngsters jostled one another to obtain their share of the good things that were within the reach of all. Nor were the children at home the only ones to benefit in this way, for there is scarcely a country on the Continent which was not visited by the Mackintosh "missionaries," and French and Dutch children shared in the good things from Halifax.

A special line of goods manufactured at this period, called 'The King of all Toffees,' gained for Mr. Mackintosh the title of 'Toffee King.' He never adopted it, but it was exploited by his American agents, as can be easily imagined, when he visited the United States for business purposes.

His readiness in utilising any form of popularity for his own immediate purposes was shown by his introduction of such lines as 'Tit-Bits Toffee' and 'Answers Toffee,' just at the time when these periodicals were leaping into public favour. He promptly manufactured packets of toffee, on each of which was printed an exact miniature reproduction of the cover of 'Tit-Bits' or 'Answers,' &c. The permission of the publishers was readily obtained, for the advertisement was mutually beneficial.

Certain cryptic signs that are found alongside every main railway line in the British Isles have mystified many travellers. Mr. Mackintosh called them 'Symbol Signs.' The letters 'M's. T. de L.' appear without any explanation on an upright pillar in the middle of some corn-field or by the side of a wood. Ten of these small symbol signs follow one another, then a large sign is seen

bearing the names in full, and giving the solution to any passenger whose interest has been aroused.

These advertisements had their amusing side. The cattle in the fields, on hot summer days, found them useful as rubbing posts ; the farmers dressed them up during seed-time to act as scare-crows ; and at the beginning of the war, over anxious patriots, mostly Boy Scouts, mistook them for German Secret Service signs, placed there for the guidance of airships, and promptly reported the matter to the police. These signs have no doubt helped to wile away many a weary hour for travellers, making them think and talk about them ; and what more can any advertiser hope to achieve ?

Of the other numerous and varied methods of advertisement adopted by Mr. Mackintosh we can mention but one more, which was both new and original, and aroused widespread interest, adding also its quota to 'the gaiety of nations.'

During the Premiership of the late Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, when Parliament re-assembled after the recess in February 1905, every member of the House of Commons received by post a presentation tin of 'Mackintosh's Toffee.' Six hundred and seventy tins were sent to the House, one for each member, accompanied by a carefully-worded letter from Mr. Mackintosh, in which it was suggested that honourable members in the discharge of their duties would frequently be entertained at private houses, and that they might like to make some little return for the hospitality given to them. What could be better than to send the hostess a tin of 'Mackintosh's Toffee' ? Members were politely informed that they might open an account with the firm. They need only send a card, when a tin would be forwarded to their recent hostess

with the compliments of the honourable member. Many members took advantage of the suggestion, and several of them have kept up the practice to the present time.

The receipt of these parcels created considerable amusement amongst the members of the House, and everyone was talking toffee. The primary object was thus achieved, and a great volume of free advertisement secured for the firm. In debate members chaffed one another about their gifts from Halifax, and it is probable that nothing hitherto attempted had brought 'Mackintosh's Toffee' so quickly and so easily before the public.

There was scarcely a paper in the country that did not contain some reference to the incident. We subjoin a few press notices for the reader's amusement.

Punch, Feb. 22nd, 1905.

"The present of a tin of toffee to every Member of Parliament on the Opening Day, although the only one mentioned in the papers, was by no means the only one which helped to lighten and remunerate the task of being a legislator. In addition, every member was presented by 'Messrs. Toffy' with a mackintosh against the inclement and stormy weather which the session is certain to see."

Mr. Punch's play upon words brings to mind the following amusing incidents. A little girl, three years old, went out with her nurse, who bought her some toffee. On returning home the mother asked, 'And what kind of sweets has nurse bought you?' To which the child replied, 'They are water-proof sweets, mamma.' 'Water-proof sweets?' queried the mystified mother. The

nurse explained that they were 'Mackintosh's,' and the child remembered the meaning but not the name.

Another child of like tender age setting out for a walk with her father was sent back for her mackintosh, and calling out to her mother as she entered the house, she said, 'Father says you have to put my 'toffee' on 'cos it's raining.'

Archbishop Mackintosh, of Glasgow, was a great raconteur, and like his namesake of this biography, enjoyed a tale against himself. He used to assert that when he was Canon Mackintosh he owed his popularity in his parish to a happy chance. There happened to be a favourite toffee of the same name, and the loyal youngsters of St. Margot's munched it with approval. 'It's rale gude,' they said, 'Our Canon mak's it himsel.'

But to resume the Press Comments :—

London Daily Chronicle, Feb. 17th, 1905.

"The Everton Division of Liverpool, where there is a by-election, is the home of a great manufacture. Everton Toffee is famous throughout the Empire. It is the fixed belief of the electors in that constituency that no such toffee is to be had anywhere else in the wide world.

"When a tin of toffee was delivered to every member of the House of Commons through the post a few days ago, it was at first surmised that this had something to do with the coming contest. This election, it was said, was to be fought on toffee, and there were serious thoughts of asking the Speaker whether the wholesale treating of the House of Commons amounted to 'corruption within the meaning of the Act.'

"But it turned out that the toffee did not come from Everton. It came from a manufacturer as a plea for 'Dissolution.' 'Dissolve' he wrote in a neat leaflet, 'dissolve the toffee in the mouth before speaking, and the most taciturn M.P. will become famous for sweet discourse.' Hence the anticipated length of the debate on the Address."

Western Morning News, Feb. 1905.

"Members are enjoying the sweets of office in a special degree. A presentation tin of toffee has come to every legislator, and members have been seen chewing it with the zest of school-boys. The toffee may induce (or compel) Ministers to stick in power for some time to come. With such rewards at hand it is not likely that they will be dissatisfied with their lot. The dearth of speakers at certain times during the fiscal debate is believed to be explained by the said toffee. As a silencer it has had no rival; in fact, it would be vulgarly described as 'stick-jaw.' Better than the closure, and more effective was it, for no division was necessary or possible. Members were held speechless, glued in stony silence, held in bonds not sordid but sticky, which no 'Little Englander' could break asunder. Stouter than fiscal ties, more firm than the golden threads of patriotism, was the toffee that muzzled certain members of His Majesty's 'Faithful Commons.' But it is a libel to say that the Cabinet Council was held to consider the quality of the sweetmeat. That was never in doubt."

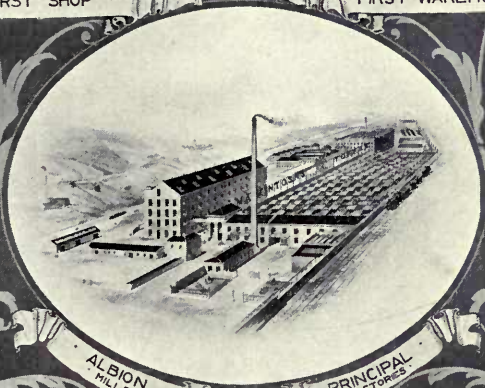
We reproduce by the courtesy of the Editor the cartoon which appeared in the 'Bystander.' It refers to the by-election held in Everton; the Parliamentary leaders, represented as school-



• FIRST SHOP •



• FIRST WAREHOUSE •

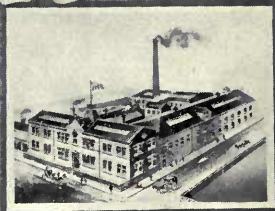


• ALBION
MILLS •

• PRINCIPAL
FACTORIES •



• SECOND WAREHOUSE •

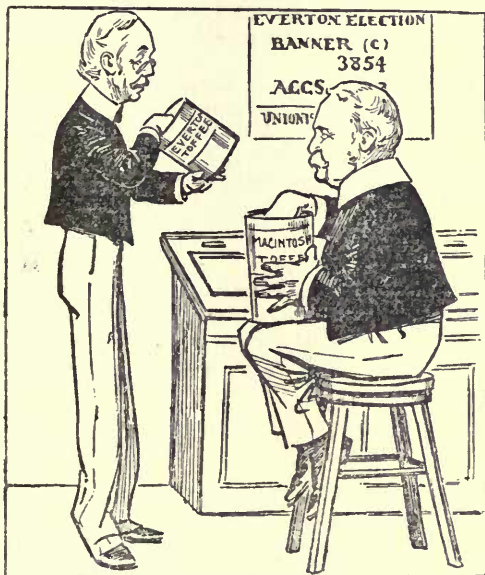


• QUEENS ROAD FACTORY •
PRESENT CHOCOLATE DEPARTMENT

BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT.

boys, are the Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who is offering a tin of 'Mackintosh's Toffee,' and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, who acknowledges its excellent quality, but expresses his desire to obtain the Everton brand.

The Bystander, March 1, 1905.



Master Balfour: "Oh, ah! yours is all right, but give me Everton!"

A shoal of interesting letters were received from honourable members of the House. Here are two examples. The first one was from a then junior bachelor member from the Conservative side of the House, who has since risen to a very high position in Parliamentary life:—

House of Commons,
16/11/1905.

Gentlemen,

I have received your little barrel of Old Fashioned Treacle Toffee.

I could have wished you had sent it to my private residence, because it is so large that I have a difficulty in carrying it about the House.

If I put it in my tail coat pocket it spoils the set of my frock coat, and if called to order suddenly it is difficult to sit on gracefully.

I regret I have not a "beautiful family," but you may rest assured it will be enjoyed by a number of nephews and nieces who without being considered plain are certainly not beautiful.

I will keep your letter and send you an order for a few tins shortly. I know the excellence of your wares of old.

Yours very cordially.

The second was from a Liberal member of the House, and a very important personage in the publishing world, who has since been raised to the Peerage and has held Government posts many times :—

27th February, 1905.

Dear Sir,

Your very welcome gift arrived when I was out of town, hence my delay in replying to your letter.

I do not at all regard it as a nuisance to have a sample of toffee forwarded to me either at the House of Commons or at any other address, and in this connection I draw your attention to the address above.

Personally I have not taken advantage of your gift, but in a large family circle it has been very warmly welcomed, and I am deputed by a deputation of juvenile members of my family to inform you that your toffee is extremely good and that no consideration of false modesty should be allowed to interfere with your generosity in this direction in the future.

With many thanks.

Yours sincerely.

But, the forgoing examples of Mr. Mackintosh's adventures in advertising were mere incidents in his career as a great advertiser. His chief instrument of publicity was the press, and he made ample use of all the national and provincial newspapers, as well as every well-known magazine and periodical ; for a generation his announcements have reached the public through these channels.

There is a science of advertising as there is an art of speech. It demands a wide knowledge of human nature and the ability to see things from the average man's point of view. Referring to an advertisement in which it was proposed to introduce a slang sea-term, Mr. Mackintosh wrote to his advertising agent to the following effect:—"The term used, I fear, will not be understood by ninety-five out of a hundred of those who read it, and I never think it is good advertising to mystify the crowd in order to prove oneself smart to a handful of people. I never heard the term used in that connection, and I am sure I am one of a great crowd."

He saw the advertisement from the view-point of the man in the street, and he resolutely eliminated everything that might confuse or mislead.

The various schemes and novel methods of advertising previously recorded, having served their purpose, gave way to more solid and scientific publicity. The trade announcements of few men have appeared more constantly in the British press; the press was his pulpit, the world was his parish, and his text was ever the same, "A pure and wholesome article." He was best known and will be longest remembered as a great Press advertiser on a national scale. He always gave his personal attention to the drafting of his advertisements, and one cannot do this for thirty years without one's personality being seen through them, any more than the novelist can continue writing without his or her personality appearing.

Mr. Mackintosh's advertisements, like the man himself, were direct and honest, with natural and homely appeals by picture and text. He disliked advertisements which were mere displays of cleverness. "When I read a fancy phrase" said he, "I know it is just put there to tickle my mind, and I discount it accordingly." Natural shrewdness, allied as it was in him to great human kindness, always led him along right lines. He believed that a straight story was the only lasting form of advertisement. He did not regard the general public in the mass, but rather as individuals who might become real friends. This was a prominent trait in his character, and many of his announcements were addressed to "Lovers of Toffee de Luxe," in whose friendliness he had a general belief. He created the "De Luxe Family." He was not content with one member of the household to typify his public, but created the whole family from 'Grandpa' to 'Babs'; truly a wide appeal, since all humanity is included in the family circle.

Discussions on plans to be adopted were invariably prefaced by this remark from Mr. Mackintosh: "Now let us talk round the subject for a bit, before we open out these schemes." The papers were left unread until the policy to be adopted had been settled. The draft schemes were considered, and modified, if necessary, by what had been learnt in the 'talk round the subject.'

He had ideas in abundance. Little time was lost in searching for them; much time was spent in deciding which of several was the best. On one occasion he and his advertising agent were going over some advertising material, and were searching in their minds for a suitable reply to the question, "If you cannot get 'Mackintosh's Toffee' in your neighbourhood, what should you

do?" The solution came from Mr. Mackintosh with his usual clearness and directness, "Leave the neighbourhood!" There was a pleasing touch of humour in the answer which made it very effective.

Shackleton had just returned from his expedition to the South Pole, and the great explorer had taken a case of "Mackintosh's Toffee" with him on that perilous journey. A pictorial representation of Shackleton's expedition was at once issued. It represented the crew with their sledges and dogs in front of the Pole, on which was fastened a notice, "If you cannot get 'Mackintosh's Toffee' in the neighbourhood, leave the neighbourhood." Two excited penguins were flapping their wings and responding "Jolly good advice, too."

On the other hand, there must be some similitude between the means used to advertise and the article advertised. Mr. Mackintosh declined an advertisement which made a tin of toffee into a tank. "There is no connection," said he, "between 'Tanks' and shooting and 'Toffee de Luxe,' and everybody knows it is a fake or make-believe."

He habitually used the full-page pictorial advertisement in the daily press, particularly the front page of the "Daily Mail" and other London daily papers. His views of this form of advertisement were set forth in a series of "Talks to the Trade," that is, to the tens of thousands of shopkeepers with whom he did business. Here is his own candid statement of the comparative cost of newspaper advertisement, and of the same amount of publicity obtained by private means:—

"The whole front-page of this newspaper is one of the most expensive advertising spaces in England to-day, if you look at it in the wrong

way ; but it is the cheapest way of sending you our message if you look at it in the right way. The net sales of this paper to-day are, say, 1,000,000 copies, and the advertisement rate for a front page is £350 [this was pre-war—Ed.] To post a similar number of copies of this advertisement to both trade and public would cost :

| | | | |
|--|-----|-----|--------|
| Printing, cost of envelopes, addressing, | | | |
| despatching, &c. | ... | ... | £1,700 |
| Postage at one halfpenny each | ... | ... | £2,500 |
| Total | | | £4,200 |

So you see we are going the cheapest as well as the quickest way to work."

The newspaper proprietors were so greatly impressed with this plain statement of fact that they spent thousands of pounds in reproducing the page, coupled with an announcement of their own. It appeared in almost every newspaper in the United Kingdom during the following week. This is a fair example of his directness and honesty of purpose, which won for him, in the end, the confidence of both tradesmen and the general public.

During the Great War the Mackintosh advertisements were naturally of a topical character, and were amongst the best that were issued in those dark days. He had powerful drawings of scenes from the front executed by clever draughtsmen, showing how "Mackintosh's Toffee" helped along "the weary hours with leaden feet," which moved so slowly in the muddy trenches or on the stormy and treacherous seas. Innumerable suggestions for advertisements were sent to Mr. Mackintosh across the seas from our men on the various battle fronts. The work helped to pass many a tedious hour, and all these efforts depicted

the many good and varied uses to which the fighting men put both the toffee and the tins.

In the autumn of the year 1914, when the first hundred thousand of our heroic soldiers, the "Old Contemptibles," were fighting with matchless courage, resisting the German invasion of Belgium and France, a full-page advertisement was issued which was very effective. The Kaiser is standing astride the maps of Belgium and France and staring with angry eyes across the Channel to the British Isles, on which rests a monster tin of "Mackintosh's Toffee." The title gives the explanation, "So that is what makes them fight so well!"

One of the Halifax soldiers on being asked to describe his sensations when he first went over the top, replied that "All he could remember was that he was eating 'Mackintosh's Toffee.'"

A few days before Mr. Mackintosh died, one of the periodic round table conferences was held to consider advertisement plans. The founder of the firm had written its history, and the rough draft was typical of the man, full of homely touches and genuine good nature. It was a plain story and an honest one, with his individuality stamped on every line. Within a few days the last call came, and that "copy" became a self-written obituary.

In the advertising world it has become historical. It is his final message, and it was printed in almost every daily paper in the United Kingdom; the papers chosen being those which he was accustomed to use for advertising purposes. Probably never before has anything been attempted on the lines of this memorial page, and it involved a question of some delicacy. Only the fact that Mr. Mackintosh had written it himself for advertisement purposes



A Topical Advertisement on the return of Shackleton's Expedition.

immediately before he passed away, and that it had the particularly friendly and personal touch to which the public to whom he appealed had become accustomed, made the publication possible. It violated no canon of good taste, and it was fitting that the great advertiser should deliver his last message after his lips were silent for ever. "He being dead yet speaketh."

We reprint, by the kind permission of the Editor of "The Daily News," an article contributed to that paper on his experiences as an advertiser :—

"When I hear anyone speak of business opportunities my mind goes back to early days, for if the long road of business effort has led to success, it is pleasant to go back and ponder over the faint and doubtful footpath in which it began. There is a lesson in it somewhere for other young business men; and in my case I think the lesson is the importance of small beginnings. If they are right beginnings, they are valuable as gold-dust; if they are wrong they lead to certain disaster.

"I thought in those early days the people wanted something else than the rather ordinary sweetmeats common at that period, and presently the first business opportunity revealed itself to me in the shape of an idea that toffee, made of ingredients that should be scrupulously good and pure, was one of the things that the public would take to. So I began to make it.

"Having made it, I lost no time in advertising it. In those days, to advertise a simple thing like toffee was considered very adventurous, even presumptuous, but there is nothing so simple that it is not worth advertising so long as it is good. Thus out of the first business opportunity represented by the little advertisement in the local

paper has grown up a national industry in a national sweetmeat. That little advertisement was a right beginning, which has landed us on the high road to success.

"We nibbled at space at first. Then we found our sales increasing, and we took larger spaces. Always the sales grew with the advertising, until we were able not infrequently to employ what is perhaps the most expensive, as it is certainly the most remunerative advertising in the world—full pages in the London daily newspapers.

"The young man in business may possibly sigh when he reads about such spaces as these, and regard them as things beyond his dreams; but experience suggests that if one could live one's business life over again it would be better to get into one's advertising stride as soon as possible.

"The Art of Advertising can only be learnt slowly over a number of years. It is best to begin in a very small way using advertisements put together yourself. I would rather make a mistake now and again, and do it myself, than I would take blindly the suggestions of even the greatest expert in advertising, because if one is going to advertise properly and profitably one must do it for a lifetime. And therefore, to get even the best out of the expert, one must have real first-hand personal knowledge. And I don't say this to belittle the Advertising Expert. The best of them will agree, I know, when I say, no better advertising can be planned than that which has received careful and intelligent criticism from the man who is at the head of the business whose special goods are to be advertised, after the necessary knowledge has been gained by the issuing of one's own advertisements. Then if

you can afford it, call in the 'Advertising Agent,' and put your heads together, and things should improve all round. Sometimes when my agent makes a really good suggestion, I let him work it out without much interference, for a man's a fool, however much he knows about advertising, if he gets it into his head that no one else can ever have a better idea than his own.

"The question is, how just to carry one's personality into one's advertising, without other people discovering the individual in it. The biggest mistake I ever made in my advertising was through taking the advice of an expert before I had myself had sufficient personal experience to know if the advice was sound.

"But these are problems that come later. The important thing is to begin well, and the great principle for beginners is to get a thorough grip of the value of small profits and quick returns. In our early days we found that a thousand retail shops selling our toffee, gave us a better return in profits than a much larger margin on the sales at our single shop. It would puzzle a mathematician to worry out the microscopic profit we receive from the weekly purchases of Mackintosh's toffee by any one retail confectioner. But there are thousands and thousands of these retailers throughout the length and breadth of this and other lands, and this multitude of small decimal profits, quickly gathered in week by week, makes business remunerative.

"That is the secret of most of the things which one sees advertised day after day. Those businesses have been built up on the basis of small profits and quick returns, which advertising makes possible.

"I attach such importance to advertising that when I have once adopted a medium for my

appeals I very seldom drop it. Having gathered round him a public, which is what the consistent advertiser does, he should never neglect it. That is why you find our advertisements month after month and year after year, in times of peace and in times of war. We know we have a clientèle amongst our readers because they write and tell us so. Nearly every time we insert a more than usually striking advertisement, readers write complimenting us upon it, sometimes offering friendly suggestions how it might be improved. I could fill a column with extracts from such letters—from doctors, ministers, business men, workmen, teachers, and school-children, all voluntarily written.

“Only the other day a schoolmaster in the South of England wrote us saying he had given one of our full-page advertisements to his class as a drawing lesson. He forwarded half-a-dozen copies of the boys’ work.

“These things are worth mentioning, because the extraordinary scepticism of small traders, and some big ones too, about the value of advertisements is one of those factors in British commercial life which pull it back. Every large advertiser has facts such as I have given, proving incontestably that advertisements are studied and responded to with marvellous swiftness and volume. Little incidents like the schoolmaster’s letter are valuable because each one stands for an immense number of others which occur silently. One man who writes represents hundreds, upon whom the same impression is made, who do not write.

“So, if I were asked what is the best business opportunity the trader, great or small, can have, I should point to the advertising. This secures more customers at a stroke than any other means

open to him ; and every customer thus secured, provided the article advertised is a good one, becomes a missionary for it. He has proved that what the advertisement said about it is true. He has come to believe in the advertiser and trust him ; and just as he will go out of his way to say a good word for a friend whom he has learned to believe and trust in, so he will be glad to do the same for the subject of the advertisement that has gained his confidence."

"In Germany the military element is uppermost; in Russia, the police; in England, the civilian power is the greatest. Long may it continue!"—"Notes of Travel," by John Mackintosh.

John Mackintosh was built on spacious lines. He was a big man with great ideas and high aims. He was not satisfied with what had been already attained, nor did he wait on events, but made them wait on him, by sheer force of will and brilliant enterprise. No sooner was his home organisation adequate to home demands, than he began to look farther afield for other markets and channels of supply.

He travelled much for such a busy man, and he got great pleasure out of his travels, but he always had before him a definite business purpose. His journeys were not more wonderful in themselves than those of other men, but they were unique in this, that they were undertaken to advance business in such a simple commodity as toffee.

His habit of writing copious notes and keeping diaries of his travels enables us to follow him, and shows us the various countries he visited from the point of view of a business man. These notes give the vivid impressions of a young but keenly observant Englishman, and they contain both graphic descriptions of scenery and shrewd observations on the manners and customs of various nations. At this period he was a little over thirty years of age, carrying the

burden of a growing business at home, yet venturing abroad and dreaming of extending his business on a world-wide scale.

He commenced his first tour of Northern Europe in July, 1902. The operations of the American Beef Trust of that day, having made it more profitable to kill than to keep alive, had so affected the world's butter market that it was essential for all in whose business butter was a staple commodity to look further afield for their supplies. At that time Siberian butter was coming into the market. Previously it was little known; but with the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway, the establishment of collecting depôts throughout Siberia, and the granting of facilities on the Russian railways, there came rapid development. Huge cold stores were erected at Riga, with English capital and by an English company, for butter storage; and for the first time the products of Siberia were available for Southern Europe.

The object of this tour was to explore the possibilities of the new Russian butter market, and if the quality of the butter was satisfactory to obtain regular supplies.

The route followed is given by Mr. Mackintosh in the following note:—

“ We called first at Brussels, then at Cologne, then at Berlin. Next, after a thirty-hour railway journey, we reached Riga, Russia's greatest Baltic port. Thence we journeyed to St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), and again to Helsingfors. We sailed to Stockholm, threading our way for twenty-four hours through a perfect archipelago of islands, ranging from the merest hummock of rocks to islands half a mile or more in length. From Stockholm we travelled overland to Christiania, and thence to Gothenburg. Again journey-

ing southwards, we crossed to Copenhagen, then to Hamburg, passing the Hohenzollern and a fleet of German warships at Kiel. Next we journeyed to Amsterdam, spent an afternoon at Scheveningen, a night at The Hague, a morning at 'The House in the Wood,' where the first Peace Conference assembled; and then, after a brief visit to Rotterdam, we took the boat from the Hook of Holland to Harwich, and reached London just in time for the coronation."

"In the course of our journey we traversed some 3,000 miles, spent seven nights in 'Sleeping Cars,' two in steamers, passed the Customs eleven times, dealt with people speaking five different languages, and using six different coinages."

At all stopping places there were interviews with business men, letters to be answered, enquiries to be made.

"Good-bye to English money," he writes, "except sovereigns and £5 notes, which even Russians don't despise. If English people were only as well respected as their gold they would indeed feel flattered."

That was in "The days of old, the days of gold," and not in these days of "notes" and "scraps of paper."

Here is a pleasing incident, characteristic of the man, which took place in a railway carriage, on the route between London and Dover, on the outward journey:—

"In our carriage was a young French family of girls leaving father and mother, and returning to France in charge of grandmother. The baby soon got tired and began to fret. Taking the child on my knee, and playing tricks learned in boyhood's days, amused the French baby, helped to dry its tears, and so cheer the grandmother. Moral—take an interest in children's play as well

"Ah! that's what makes them fight so well"



The All-High War Lord and his Spy-in-Chief.

Spies: "This would be some officer!"

Kaiser: "What! (Lies!) Here we see had enough of the lot - and me, it has taken the word of Britain's strength!"

Spies: "This is a moment that will mean - meaning - confidence - victory - TOFFEE DELUXE!"

Kaiser: "These toffees are the best, and they are every one of them!"

Spies: "Ah! Sir, the word is brought into German hands!"

Kaiser: "That's the way of the war - we are strong, then there is only my right command!"

Spies: "This is John Mackintosh, of London Town."

Kaiser: "Then report the Toffee!"

Spies: "Yes, a corner for them - by the way, the Toffee is very strong, and it is very strong!"

Kaiser: "Egg! (Lies!) Then to my command - to work and discover the secret of the war!"

Spies: "Ah! Sir, they have won, and lost!"

Kaiser: "Then send forth my Toffee to conquer the world that could be a step wrong the secret from me!"

Kaiser (to himself): "Ah! (Lies!) what makes them fight so well?"

Spies: "However, Sir! It is not enough that we have every one in Britain, we must have every one in the world!"

Kaiser: "Then discover me. But at any rate, let my Toffee go! (Lies!) But my Toffee is the strongest of them, and it is very strong!"

Spies: "This is the Toffee, and it is very strong!"

Kaiser: "Then, Sir, the word is brought into German hands!"

Spies: "Ah! Sir, the word is brought into German hands!"

Kaiser: "That's the way of the war - we are strong, then there is only my right command!"

Kaiser (to himself): "Ah! (Lies!) what makes them fight so well?"

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

The National Sweetmeat

A Famous full page newspaper advertisement.

as in their lessons. What cares baby for Browning or Michael Angelo? A paper ship, to its little mind, is as a Great Eastern. A railway engine cut from a paper conjures up in its mind real smoke and puff-puff included. At any rate it forgets its troubles until we steam into Dover. What a grand view of the chalk cliffs! Shall we see anything to compare during our butter-hunt?"

He was no linguist, but he had a ready wit, and with a few words gleaned from many languages he was able to get about with remarkable ease.

"Ticket collectors," he writes, "and such like officials were dealt with by appearing learned, and no doubt they thought we knew several languages more than they did! It is wonderful how far cheek will carry you, if it is accompanied with a smile."

But when he was really in need of something definite, the mere appearance of learning was woefully inadequate. At the Riga Hotel, having decided to have boiled eggs, the problem to be solved was how to make the waiter comprehend. When he failed to make the right impression by "clucking," he began to "crow," and the waiter's face immediately lighted up with intelligence. The difficulty was surmounted, and the eggs were obtained. When he was in Petrograd, thinking he would like honey for breakfast, he beckoned the waiter and began buzzing to imitate the bee. At length the waiter cried, "Ya! ya! ze fabric," and went for the "Business Directory" containing the addresses of the factories, having mistaken the intended buzzing of the bee for the hum of machinery.

In Petrograd he discovered what appeared to him to be a partial solution of the language difficulty. He tells us that—

"Outside many shops are signs which denote at once what is sold therein. Fruit shops have elaborate paintings of oranges, grapes, &c. Glovers have gloves represented, and so on. This is a good idea, as even Englishmen can read pictures. Would it not be a great convenience if all nations would adopt some universal language, either of pictures or words?"

He loved to sit, note-book in hand, in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, and record his impressions when passing through beautiful country, or along a river winding through picturesque scenery. Here is a word picture of what he sees from the train as it speeds along from Berlin to the Russian frontier:—

"I am at the rear of the train. Look along that single track. Straight as a die it runs to where the rails appear to taper to a point. On either side the woods crowd in, black shadows under the trees, and ghostly eyes looking through the leafy screen. Who can look into those shadows without recalling tales heard by winter fires of wolves and bears? Suddenly there is a gash in the forest through which we race. The woods have taken fright! Away go the trees in sudden panic across the fields! They pause presently to consider, then mustering courage they scamper back again and gaze with curious eyes upon the train.

"And now night has fallen. The moon appears over the pine-tree tops. The forests drift dimly by and silence reigns in the train."

What a remarkably vivid picture of what most of us have seen, but which no one seems to have before attempted to describe! It is like a peep at the cinema!

"Later the passengers bestir themselves. Books and papers are put away. Bags are closed

and strapped. Hats and wraps are resumed. The brakes grind on the wheels, and the train comes to a standstill.

"We are now at the Russian frontier station, and all we have ever heard of the Russian Military Police comes to mind. We are conscious of a sense of guilt, a subtle feeling of apprehension. We hear the clank of swords! The police are coming down the train! They peer into every compartment. They pause at *ours*, and look at *us*! We see the peaked cap, the broad stern face, the coat, the bright top-boots, and heave a sigh of relief as the men pass on. We are not known here evidently! Our criminal tendencies are not perceived! How glad we are we had time to conceal the bomb we were preparing, the knife with which we meant to!"

The people in charge of the gates at the level-crossings salute the train, and cause the diarist to make the following amusing comment:—

"All the family seem to be awaiting our arrival, and the man in charge stands up as straight as a line-prop with a piece of wood to his shoulder as if it were a gun, and salutes the train. You see all the trains in Russia are Government trains and therefore are the Czar's. But this is a special one, for you know the 'Toffee King' is aboard!!!"

After passing the frontier, on entering the train, he was greeted in the broad Doric so dear and familiar to him:—"An yo' gotten through au reet?" "Good old Lancashire!" he exclaimed, "we'll make use of you." Later on, when he was in difficulties in Petrograd, he called on this gentleman and found him in charge of a cotton factory, of which he was manager. The Lancastrian was delighted to be of service to the Yorkshireman.

The tender of the Russian train was piled high with logs to use as fuel for the engine. Mr. Mackintosh appreciated this and declared that—

“After the awful, evil-smelling coal used by the Germans, it was quite pleasant to have the smell from the burning wood. There is not half the smoke, and at night time, when they are firing up, the sparks fly in showers, enough to afford every boy all the joys of ‘November Plot’ night.”

His first drive in Riga was not altogether a Joy-ride!

“We took a padded box on wheels, drawn by a half-broken animal they called a horse. Driving is very cheap in Riga; and it ought to be, for money does not represent all you have to pay. A Russian could not possibly drive twenty yards without lashing the horse. Then the carriages have no springs, and the roads are laid with great cobble-stones in the towns; in the outskirts they are left to mend themselves to a great extent.”

He thought that we had something to learn from the working-men on the Continent in regard to politeness.

“I saw one man stand at the door of a workshop and shake hands with seven of his work-mates. Catch an Englishman doing such a thing! I saw even boys of ten or twelve years shake hands and raise their hats to each other. I know many Englishmen think it effeminate to be so gushing, and no doubt it can be overdone. But I think we might take a lesson from the foreigner in respect of politeness. If we feel polite, why not show it?”

A strong sense of humour was one of Mr. Mackintosh's characteristics. He always saw the

comic side of a situation. For example take the following :—

“ It is easy to enter an hotel. The porter is there to receive you. The lift boy is there to salute you as you pass to the lift. The head-waiter will bring you ‘Vat you please !’ The driver of the hotel-bus hands down your little bags as if they were trunks from America. ‘Boots’ conveys your belongings to your room. The chambermaid (on the Continent she is fifty, usually) peers at you over the railings, wondering if you are of the generous sort. Yes, it is easy to enter an hotel. You feel that at last you are receiving the recognition due to your worth. But coming out is a different matter ! I will not harrow your feelings by dwelling on it ; only remember, the folk who help you in will be there when you come out.”

Here is another shrewd comment :—“ If you want to know how it feels to be a king or an emperor for a day, go about giving half-crowns to waiters and the like, and long before bed-time you will feel inclined to kick everybody within reach.”

At Riga his butter-hunt was crowned with success. From the attitude of the merchants he came to the conclusion that they meant business. They tried hard to appear unconcerned, but every time he wandered from butter to talk about Riga, they brought him back to the subject with “ Yes, butter is dear this season.”

It happened that one of the refrigerator trains coming from Siberia to Riga with butter a few days previously had been wrecked ; several wagons had jumped the lines and plunged into a river, and in consequence the whole consignment, whether damaged or not, had been refused. An enterprising butter merchant accepted the

risks and purchased the whole of it. Mr. Mackintosh got into touch with this man, and spent the next few days in the Union Cold Store at Riga, where he tasted more butter than he had ever done before, or has since. There was a young man from Hull in the office, and Yorkshiremen are very clannish. He gave a quiet nod to indicate where the undamaged butter was stored. It was terribly cold, and to prevent frost bite, sacking was tied round both arms and legs while he was in the refrigerator. In the end Mr. Mackintosh bought over £5,000 worth of that butter, and arranged for it to be transferred to cold store at Hull. It was a memorable purchase for the business in its early development, for the entire butter supply for the whole year was thus secured at a time when it was almost impossible to buy butter in large quantities in England.

With his genius for advertisement here was an opportunity not to be missed. He had a block prepared representing a railway train loaded with hundreds of kegs of butter, and over it this announcement:—"The largest consignment of butter ever purchased by a firm of manufacturing confectioners in one consignment." A photograph also of the cheque paid was reproduced.

In Riga Mr. Mackintosh noted the absence of statues as compared with Berlin, and a business man replied, "We cannot afford statues here; we are too poor. When we want to perpetuate the memory of a man we name a street after him. It is cheaper than a statue, and just as effective."

After leaving Riga, he was able to give himself more to the enjoyment of his tour, for now the chief object of his visit had been achieved,

and it only remained for him to secure agents in the various cities visited.

Of Petrograd he wrote :—

“ We found things to look more and more strange here. The lower orders of the people looked like so many grizzly bears walking about. The drivers of carriages were as numerous as flies, and they wore long brown hair and beards and shaggy eye-brows. There is a great number of churches in this city, many of them very fine indeed ; some with dome tops painted sky-blue, with stars of silver. When the sun is shining the effect is beautiful. One doesn't often see stars in the day-time, but here they are in full glory.”

At the cotton mill of which his Lancashire friend was manager, Mr. Mackintosh was reminded of home when he saw the Russian women with shawls over their heads, the shawls being well decorated with cotton fluff. “ The English workman,” said the manager, “ is superior to the Russian. If Russians were left without an over-looker they would sit down and go to sleep.” “ And who can wonder,” replied Mr. Mackintosh, “ with their long hours, poor food and shelter, and all for three shillings a day ! ”

One man refused a tip. This remarkable incident occurred in Petrograd. He had taken Mr. Mackintosh's luggage to the left luggage office. The attendant locked it in his own private cupboard and made no charge. At train time Mr. Mackintosh re-claimed his bag. Standing by the attendant was a high official in brilliant uniform. Mr. Mackintosh offered a tip, but it was declined ! The poor man's face was a study, disappointment and dread showing through the mask of his incorruptibility !

What Mr. Mackintosh thought of Petrograd was expressed in characteristic fashion:—"I should say our old proverb needs revising thus, 'From Hull, Hell, and St. Petersburg, Good Lord deliver us!' (and give Halifax a rest)."

Christiania was so beautiful in his eyes that it exceeded the limits of his descriptive powers.

"We looked over a great forest of pine-trees, and Christiania appeared like a town in toy-land; behind us the Fjord that opens out to the North Sea, and a stretch of imagination showed us the hills of Yorkshire. They were there sure enough, those hills right across the water. I cannot describe the grand view with anything like the justice due to it, but if it is any compliment to the view, I confess that as I stood on that hill drinking in the glorious sight, I wished all my friends could be put into a ship and pushed right across the sea and up the hill to this very spot. I may have been intoxicated with the sight, and this may have accounted for such an impossible wish, but anything which makes man or woman wish good things for others must be of God."

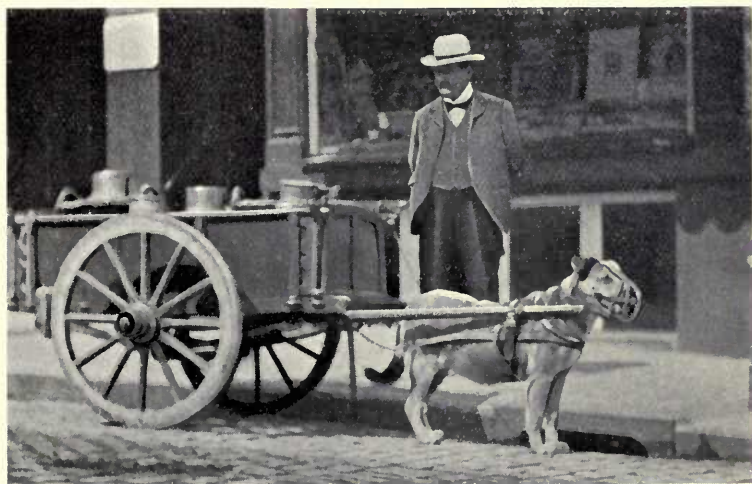
Here is the kindly humorous philosopher. He was very weary after two nights spent in the train and retired to rest, but a Military Band playing popular airs in the restaurant below made sleep impossible.

"There was no poetry in the music for me. A sleepy man distorts every sound he hears into ugly shape. It was the same band that was dispensing sweet music on the following day as I sat at lunch. I looked in vain for the bag of tins which I could have sworn accompanied the music the night before. Is not this often our way of looking at things that give us no pleasure, so that we find fault with the things that give

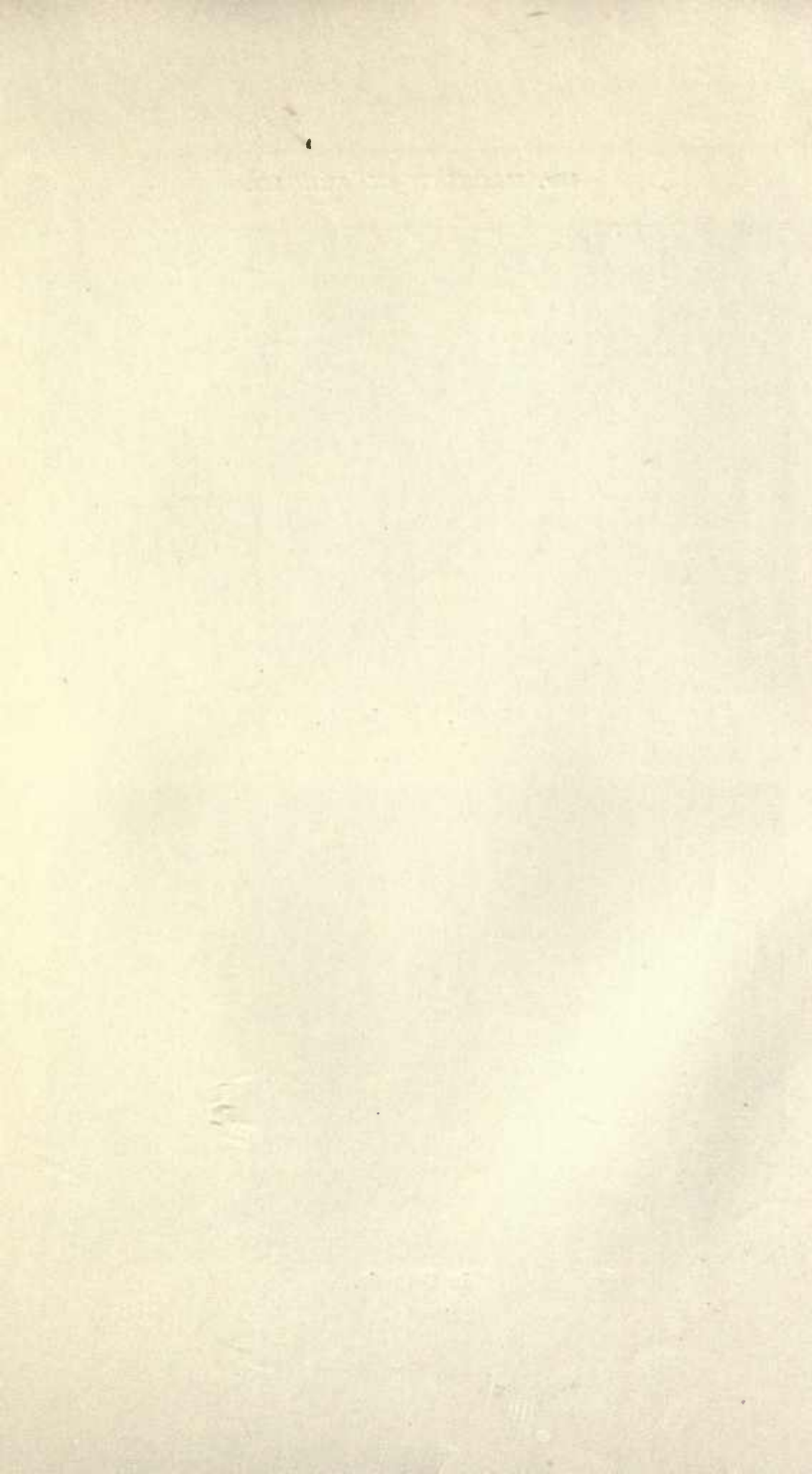
MR. MACKINTOSH ABROAD.



In St. Petersburg.



In Brussels.



pleasure to others? We are vexed because children at their play make so much noise. A mother who has a child in the group can hear music in their voices. Yes, many of our displeasures are of our own imagination, or arise through our narrow views of life."

At Kiel Mr. Mackintosh had an exciting adventure, which he related with much dry humour. The German Fleet was there escorting the Royal Yacht, with the Kaiser on board. On landing at the quay, with a few minutes to spare before his train left for Hamburg, Mr. Mackintosh hurried into a splendidly furnished apartment, which he thought was a refreshment room. He entered with a rush, and half a dozen German officers dashed after him, their swords rattling on the polished floor as they ran. Somewhat disconcerted, he asked if it was not the restaurant? Much to his relief they all roared with laughter. It was explained to him that he had entered the private reception room of the "All-Highest," who was expected at any moment.

After visiting some of the ancient castles on the Rhine, a very typical note appears in his diary:—

"I am afraid my blood is too thick, as it never jumps in my veins at the sight of old things, except old people. I never see an old person without being touched somehow. But what does appeal to me is the setting that often surrounds these relics of the past."

This first Continental tour is described in fuller detail, because it was the first, and the impressions made upon his mind were more vivid. On many subsequent occasions he visited the Continent, and no country across the Channel was left ignorant of Mr. Mackintosh's manufactures. Amongst Continental nations "Mackintosh's

Toffee " became as well known as it was in England.

In Germany, about the year 1906, he established a factory at Crefeld, near Cologne, which was in active operation until the outbreak of war. Factories established abroad were always placed in charge of men sent from the home works. Unfortunately, several of these men were interned when war was declared, but happily they all came safely through the trying years of captivity.

Mr. Mackintosh personally fostered the business in Germany. He visited the factory every year, and though he had no knowledge of the German language, he was able to travel about and to transact business wherever he went. He opened a series of retail shops throughout Germany, and built up a considerable trade, the whole of which was lost as a consequence of the war.

He narrowly escaped being involved in the terrible disaster which befel the S.S. Berlin, which was totally wrecked off the Hook of Holland, on Feb. 21st, 1907. Mr. Mackintosh had crossed only the previous night. His foreman, who followed the next night, lost his life. Mr. Mackintosh hurried back to the Hook and had the terrible trying and harrowing experience of having to identify the body from amongst the many victims of that frightful tragedy. He also witnessed some of the gallant rescues from the wreck effected by the Prince Consort of the Queen of Holland, whose heroism won the admiration of all brave men.

The introduction of Mackintosh's Toffee to Continental peoples was not so simple a matter as it might appear. Many ridiculous mistakes were made through the confusion of toffee with coffee. Toffee was an absolute novelty to the

people, and many letters were received by the firm from customers stating that they had poured the boiling water on the toffee without satisfactory results.

Eventually the Toffee became so well known in Germany and the surrounding countries, that it was accepted as a symbol of British manufactures. It was no uncommon thing to see in a shop-window of a Gentleman's Outfitters, whose goods were chiefly of British origin, a few tins of "Mackintosh's." These were supposed to give just that touch requisite to prove that the business was of a genuine British character. The toffee was not for sale, but was treated by the shop keeper as part of his window-dressing outfit, the British "Hall Mark" of his stock in trade.

Mr. Mackintosh's foreign trade was by no means restricted to the Continent of Europe. He extended his operations throughout the world. Before the war a third of the total output of the factories in England was exported to foreign countries. The "Globe-trotter" found that there was not a port at which he called where Mackintosh's Toffee was unprocurable. The business was pushed forward into over forty countries, from Borneo to Nigeria, and from Rangoon to Morocco.

The name "Mackintosh" has become a household word in all the British Colonies. Factories were established in Canada and Australia. Special lines have been manufactured to meet the tastes of the natives of Africa and China. The Chinese love a sweetmeat to be nicely coloured pink, and the demand was promptly met. The foreign missionary frequently became, unconsciously, a pioneer in opening up new business in far distant corners of the earth, and as the

result of his enquiring for "Mackintosh's" at the native store, a case of toffee would be included in the next consignment of mixed goods from London.

Another curious incident is related by Mr. P. Richardson, a railway detective in Central Africa, whose work takes him into all kinds of out-of-the-way places. He was searching for a Zulu railway thief at Somkele in Zululand, and on arriving at a native kraal he examined what he calls a "rabble," a sort of dump, when to his surprise he came across three of "Mackintosh's Toffee" tins, one of which contained some toffee in good condition. He was not successful in locating the thief, but felt that he was in a measure compensated by the toffee, and despite the intense heat returned to his hotel quite refreshed.

The difficulty of keeping sweetmeats in good condition in tropical climates at first occasioned much trouble. Not only is the heat destructive, but insect pests penetrate the packing case and devour the toffee. In some parts of India, for instance, if the lid is left off a tin of toffee for half an hour the entire contents disappear. From Africa came repeated instructions to pack the tins in small cases, doubly tin lined. The boxes must be small to enable the natives to carry them on their backs, and must be tin-lined to prevent the ravages of the white ants.

An amusing incident comes to our knowledge as we write. At Basra, in Mesopotamia, a local hotel took fire. It was a wooden building occupied chiefly by English officers and their wives. An Arab fire-brigade arrived in serio-comic style, and set to work to extinguish the flames. At length the Chief noticed that one of the firemen was missing. A careful search dis-

covered him squatting on the ground with a four-pound tin of "Mackintosh's" on his knees, and hugely enjoying the contents while the hotel continued to burn merrily.

In the year 1907 the Royal Warrant appointing the firm Purveyors to the Royal Household was conferred by Alexandra, then England's Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh were invited to and attended, a royal garden-party at Marlborough House, when Mr. Mackintosh had the honour of being presented to Queen Alexandra and to the present King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales.

Writing in his own delightfully whimsical manner about the Royal Warrant, which is one of the most coveted honours a manufacturer can hope for, he says:—

"The Royal appointment is to business what knighthood is to the individual. The magic coat of arms on one's stationery is like the 'Hall Mark' on silver. It is even more useful in foreign countries than at home, for when a merchant abroad is wondering where to place his orders, the Royal coat of arms often decides him. It also helps at an interview in handing in one's card. The lion and the unicorn do the trick, when otherwise an interview would be difficult. Occasionally, when I have been unable to make myself understood, I have handed my card to the official, whereupon he has saluted me and troubled me very little, thinking no doubt that I was at least an ambassador."

**It is so easy to form wrong ideas of people of different nations through superficial knowledge. The more one has travelled the broader one's mind becomes."*—J.M.

Mr. Mackintosh considered that the attitude of the missionary to foreign lands afforded a parallel for the business man's attitude to foreign trade. "One cannot wait," said he, "until the home Church has brought everyone into its fold before sending out missionaries into other lands; or the missionary cause would never have begun; and so also in business, you must reach out abroad while extending at home, if you are to be first in the foreign field as well as in your native land."

Naturally, his thoughts turned to the mighty United States Republic, with its eighty millions, or more, of potential customers. When the American is not smoking he is chewing gum or candy, and his wife and children willingly assist him in the consumption of sweetmeats. What an opportunity was thus presented to a toffee manufacturer blessed with faith and vision!

In the autumn of 1903, in company with his brother-in-law, he undertook a lightning tour through America and Canada, exploring these countries for the purpose of ascertaining their business possibilities. Men of adventurous spirit have gone to America prospecting for gold or other precious metals, but surely this was the first occasion on which a man ventured to the

other side of the world prospecting for business in such a simple homely thing as toffee. All the principal cities were visited from New York to San Francisco, from Montreal to Vancouver. For a month nearly every night was spent in the train, but during the day the travellers would alight and make careful observations. Gradually the conviction was formed in Mr. Mackintosh's mind that he could establish his business in America, and he determined to make a bold bid for trade in the West. The heavy duty on confectionery imported into the United States made it impossible to compete with Americans by goods manufactured in England. It was necessary to erect factories and produce the toffee on the spot. These difficulties did not appal him, as they certainly would have appalled a less determined man.

His "Notes of travel in America" are so full and so suggestive that we cannot do better than to print them as they are written, adding little by way of comment. He went to America when he was thirty-four years old, and though the primary purpose of the visit was for business, his Notes are far more than a bare record of business transactions. They are full of items of general interest; they are written in a clear, trenchant style, and they reveal in every line the kindly personality of the writer. Here we have vivid pictures of all happenings from the time he steps on board the great ocean liner until his eyes are again gladdened by the sight of his beloved Halifax.

He was a poor sailor, and from childhood dreaded the sea.

"In my boyhood's days," he writes, "I had an aunt who went to live in America. Her letters told of the voyage, its storms, inconveniences and terrors; and subsequently, when she was on

a visit to England, her relation of these experiences, with added effect, made me determine that America should be one of the last places I would visit. I never did like being on the sea. Whenever I heard people speak of it as the 'beautiful, bounding ocean,' in my own mind I added a few adjectives of a different nature. My aversion for the sea has grown up with me, and whenever I have to take a journey that entails a sea trip I look out for the shortest possible passage. I have, however, long since learned that if a man is to be a man he must face sometimes that which he does not like, in spite of pre-conceived ideas, and he has to be determined to overcome the difficulties that would retard his progress. Therefore, when I felt it necessary for me to make a business journey to America, I put aside my repugnance for the sea, to do as a duty what I am sure I never should have done for pleasure. Like most people who act in this wise, I got a great deal more pleasure out of the sea than ever I anticipated. Difficulties that look like mountains, or oceans, are often not nearly so formidable when challenged. Fortunately for me, I lived a generation later than my aunt, who crossed the Atlantic long years ago."

His first voyage was on board the White Star Liner "Cedric." Here is a vivid picture:—

"Now the very last trunk is on board, the gangways are lowered. Look at that little midge of a tug-boat; surely it is not going to try to pull this giant round? A great crowd of people assemble to watch the giant off. It was at this moment that we on board appreciated the red coat worn by one member of the party seeing us off, for as the little bantam of a tug-boat pulled and pulled, we gradually ran out into the river, and the people on the shore dwindled from

grown-ups to children, then into dwarfs, then into shrimps, then into flies, then midges, then specs, then mist ! Out came our glasses and lo ! there was the red coat again with handkerchief waving. A minute longer and even the glasses failed to locate the coat, and we turned our faces towards our state-rooms to make preparations for the long voyage."

"As we lay in Queenstown harbour a small steamer raced out to us bringing more luggage, more emigrants, and more mails, and last but not least, the Irish-lace women. These women came on board the moment the gangway was lowered. In fact one buxom girl did not even wait for that, but was hoisted up by the luggage rope. We had a lively half-hour. Their tongues never stop for a moment ; yet they are keen on business, and they know that their time is short. Evidently many ladies on board knew these women, and gathered round for the liveliest bit of 'shop-talk' I ever heard. The sales were brisk, and as the time got shorter the prices broke in an alarming manner. One American lady evidently had been here before, and she knew the ropes. She had set her heart on a lovely lace collar and cuffs, and fifteen yards of 'insertion,' whatever that may be. The Irish woman wanted £15, and would not budge until the whistle blew, warning all to leave the vessel. An officer was already coaxing off the women, and ours was the last to go. At the last moment she said to the American lady,

" 'Sure I likes the look of your lovely face, and it's meself that has spicial raysons for wantin' your money. I'll be afther takin' £3 10s., my lady, and by our dear Saint Pathrick the price won't pay for pratees for the poor colleen that worked it.'

"The lady had the money ready in her hand, and the purchase was hastily concluded ; then the lace-seller added—

" ' My lady, I sold that cheap to yez bekase ye have the red hair, and sure it's meself will be having a bit of luck to-day.' "

" ' Now then, Mollie,' said the ship's officer, ' you'll be off to New York in half a minute.' "

" ' Arrah, now be aisy,' retorted Mollie, ' phat would become of all the babies wid Mollie away? ' "

"The gangway was already adrift when Mollie ran down. She had to jump the last yard, and she fell all in a heap into her basket of lace. It was a very near shave. As we sailed away the Irish lace-sellers held up long pieces of lace and expensive shawls, and the wind catching them made streamers of them. This was their adieu, and the ladies who had been customers waved back again. For some time afterwards the ladies could not resist the temptation to try on their purchases, and when the gentlemen were not supposed to be looking the lace was held up against their dresses in dainty festoons.

"On fine days it is most exhilarating to sit on deck protected from the keen winds with an overcoat and rug, reading, writing home to one's friends, or perhaps building castles in the air of what you will do at the end of the journey. And after all it does one no harm to do a little building of this nature, providing the castles are designed properly with the intention of serving as an incentive to greater activity and more service to mankind ; and not as castles of despair, or forts built in which to conceal ourselves and all that is best in us. There is also a fascination in watching your fellow-passengers. There was a fat, lazy, ' fetch me carry me ' sort of man,

Captain Blank, who always lolled the day long in his deck-chair full length, tucked in like a child in bed on a winter night, while he left other folk to look after his wife. Then there was dashing Captain Bland, who spent all his time in the smoke-room. No game of cards for high stakes left out the Captain. Then there was the fat man with a dark brown soft hat, down at the front and up at the back, whose moustache is always brushed up. He is a German. He wears his hairy decorations like his emperor, and the up-turned ends of the moustache nearly touch his bushy eyebrows. He is calm and collected; no bustle. He has been here before. He is going to America to sell Munich beer. Then there is the gushing Miss Gosling. How 'chic' were all her gowns! Her little red satchel matching her hat of the same shade. I know her picture-hat was a dream! What rings! Two on every finger. I would not wonder if she had rings also on her toes, but of course we cannot enquire too minutely. I can only guess by the way she waddled. Stout ladies, thin ladies, tall ladies, short ladies, nice ladies and the other sort. The men were also a mixture, but on the whole our fellow-passengers were a well-behaved crowd."

"Strange to say, as we drew near to New York on that Saturday morning and saw the huge piles of masonry, as the sky-scrapers towered against the sky-line, the story of Gulliver amongst the Brobdingnagians came to my mind. It was easy to imagine that we were approaching a city of giants, and we felt very small in consequence. And yet these great buildings, and all the wonders of New York which I was to see later, were the result of the untiring energy of a people who were in themselves as mere pygmies beside

their giant works. Each country has something to teach another. No one place has all the wonderful things. God has blessed every nation, and as one travels about it becomes more apparent that the various nations depend upon each other, and reciprocity is essential for the good of the whole."

A second visit was paid in the spring of the following year, and business began to assume a tangible form. A consignment of toffee had been taken over on the first prospecting tour, and the reports received were very encouraging.

Mr. Mackintosh, himself an advertising genius, had heard much of American enterprise in this department, but it is certain that he had the surprise of his life as the "Cedric" drew near Sandy Hook on the morning of April 15th. A tug-boat was seen making out from New York harbour. The boat was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, a huge poster was displayed running from stem to stern, bearing on both sides the words, "Welcome to the Toffee King." Monster flags streamed from the mast-head bearing the same legend, and the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes floated side by side at the stern. On board there were twenty or thirty journalists. As the tug-boat drew alongside, the giant "Cedric" was hailed through a megaphone, and the captain was informed that a special permit had been obtained and special Customs officers were on board to take off John Mackintosh of Halifax. With that the great liner hove-to; the gangway was lowered, and Mr. Mackintosh in much confusion and embarrassment made his way into the waiting tug-boat. With syrens blowing, general commotion, and nearly two thousand passengers looking on, this most modest and unassuming of men made his noisy, and to

him, most uncomfortable entry into the American business world. It was a pure American advertising stunt. Photographs of the scene, together with "An interview with the 'Toffee King,'" appeared in most of the American newspapers and magazines. Suppressing his annoyance, he smiled at the authors of this novel advertisement. But he began to wonder, "If this was a sample of American advertising methods, to what would it eventually lead him?" Photographs of this incident are reproduced on another page. The title of "Toffee King" was now given him everywhere he went in the United States. It was the kind of label that delighted the American advertiser, who revels in forms of advertisement that would be impossible, and even resented, in our more sober-minded England.

Within an hour after landing in New York Mr. Mackintosh was at his agent's office, formulating plans for firmly establishing his business in the United States. The same night he left for Philadelphia, to inspect premises that promised to be suitable for a factory. During this period, and until the American factory was running the toffee was imported from England, and the sale grew rapidly. After a long search and many disappointments, a suitable factory was bought at Asbury Park, a little sea-side town within easy distance of New York. The factory was quickly equipped, and staffed partly by employees brought over from the English works.

It was now necessary to create the demand for his goods, and this Mr. Mackintosh accomplished in his own way. Shops were opened in the principal cities throughout America. Samples of the new English candy were freely distributed, and the goods themselves were their best advertisement. To an American interviewer Mr.

Mackintosh said, "I build up my business by giving away my toffee. If I can get a sample into the mouths of the people, I can safely rely upon securing a customer."

Strange as it seems, however, the Americans were not familiar with either the word toffee or the article, except those who had come across it in England, and these were eager to renew their acquaintance with the well-remembered sweetmeat of earlier days. Canada was much quicker in responding to Mr. Mackintosh's toffee crusade; but the genuine American had to be converted to the toffee-eating habit, just as much as the Russian or the Dutchman.

Many unexpected difficulties were encountered through the great climatic extremes between winter and summer. In winter the toffee would keep well and command a large sale, the factory being unable to keep pace with the demands of the trade. But in the hot summer the goods deteriorated, and the Ice-cream shop and the Soda fountain got all the attention. The trade dwindled to nothing, making it difficult to keep the factory running and the organisation intact. The long distances which the goods had to traverse also created further difficulties. However, Mr. Mackintosh believed that 'difficulties exist to be conquered,' and eventually he found the remedy and applied it, producing a toffee that would keep in almost all conditions in any climate.

By the time that the second visit to America ended trade began to move steadily upward. He entered into large advertising contracts, and soon his name became as familiar to the American as it was to the Englishman. He had to lay aside some of his prejudices against personal display, for in America the personal element

counts for much. He was induced to take his own photograph as his Trade-mark, an idea that he would have promptly turned down in England. But he found that it was common practice in the States, and as his agents pointed out, "Your own face is the only thing that your competitors cannot copy." This photo, with the label, "I am the 'Toffee King,'" was printed in every magazine and newspaper throughout America. His portrait also appeared upon the gable-ends of twenty-story sky-scrapers. At that time it was said that Theodore Roosevelt and John Mackintosh were the most widely photographed people in the United States. Music also lent its aid to the ingenious American advertiser, and the following effusion appeared in the magazines.



Oh! Do you know the Toffee Kings, the Toffee Kings, the Toffee Kings,



Oh! do you know the Toffee Kings, that live in Halifax?



Of the American habit of constantly chewing something more or less spicy, he writes :—

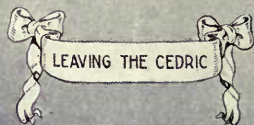
“ I find the following notice in all trains and public conveyances :—‘ Spitting, five dollars.’ I soon saw the need of this caution, for the average American chews continually. There was also a large poster asking all and sundry to ‘ Chew Bob’s tobacco.’ Then, sad to relate, the ladies chew ; not tobacco of course, but chewing gum. I was shocked times without number to see most respectable and attractive looking women and young girls spoiling all their natural beauty by chewing gum as if their lives depended on it. I confess that later this habit gave me some little consolation, for I thought if they will chew that stuff, surely I can get them to chew my ‘ toffee.’ ”

Mr. Mackintosh set himself against the American advertiser’s habit of exaggerating and distorting facts, and it needed constant vigilance on his part to keep his agents within reasonable bounds.

Here is a typical piece of American copy put forward for Mr. Mackintosh’s consideration, but which he turned down as being too far-fetched altogether ; but it is perhaps worth reproducing for it will draw a smile from the reader, if nothing else.

“ THE TOFFEE KING’S PROCLAMATION.

“ I am John Mackintosh—The Toffee King—Sovereign of Pleasure—Emperor of Joy. My Old English Candy—Mackintosh’s Toffee—tickles the palates of my millions of subjects. I was crowned by the lovers of good things to eat. My Court Jester’s name is Appetite. My most loyal subjects are the dear little children. I rule over the Kingdom of Health and Happiness. There is no oppression in my domain. My regime is one



Mr. Mackintosh's unique landing in America.

of enjoyment and delight. My throne is guarded by an Imperial Unarmed Army of Candy-makers. My coronation took place many years ago. I am an unusual monarch—all my subjects are knighted. Those who become members of my Royal Court must eat Mackintosh's Toffee at least once each day in the year.

"My recipe for the manufacture of Mackintosh's Toffee is unequalled. My candy kitchen is the largest in the world. Hundreds of tons of Toffee are sold each week in England. Think of it! I am the world's largest consumer of butter. My own herd of prize cattle grazing on the Yorkshire hills supply me with my milk. I buy sugar by the train load.

"I have a legation in all parts of North America. Ask your dealer for it. If he does not sell it, show him this decree. If you will do this for me I will confer upon you the Order of the Milk of Human Kindness.

"I am,

John Mackintosh,

The Toffee King of England,
and I rule alone."

Mr. Mackintosh kept this as an example of what American advertisers would have done if he had let them have their way.

While this work is in preparation, a copy of an American Confectionery Journal comes to hand, containing a notice of Mr. Mackintosh's decease. It is flamboyant and very American, but the intention is wholly kind, so we give it here for the reader's amusement and instruction in regard to journalistic methods out West.

“ There are more ways of achieving fame than by just getting yourself elected President of a Republic, or throwing the plumber out on his back and finishing the job yourself. One only needs to go into the candy-making game in England. Old John Mackintosh, J.P., of Halifax, knew considerable about candy. In fact what he did not know about it you could load on a flea's back. He started fooling with toffee when he was twenty-one, in a little kitchen, with a brace of antediluvian frying pans that mother used to cook the rashers in. But he was sound in the upper storey, with pints of business acumen, and he cottoned on to advertising as a medium for business building, like a coon kid getting acquainted with a water-melon, and so perhaps it is only natural that John should build up one of the biggest candy businesses in this little ‘ Old Island.’ He was fifty-one when he passed on ; he was twenty-one when he began roasting sugar. So that left him thirty years to do it in.”

Shortly before Mr. Mackintosh was to have embarked for England, on his second visit to the States, he had a mishap in which he narrowly escaped with his life, and from the consequences of which he never thoroughly recovered. He visited a dentist who claimed that all his operations were painless. He thought he would surprise his friends by returning home with a new set of teeth, but the result was a surprise of a very different character. He was given an over-dose of cocaine, and after returning to the hotel he was taken violently ill. Fortunately his brother-in-law, who had arrived from England a few days previously, was able to get immediate medical assistance. It was only the fact that the skill of the hotel doctor was available on the instant that saved his life. The issue was

doubtful for several days, and it was many weeks before he was so far recovered as to be able to undertake the journey home. When he reached Halifax again, after four months' absence, he was a very different man from what he was when he left home. For twelve months he was an invalid, and his nervous system had sustained a shock from which he never afterwards entirely recovered. This was the origin of the affliction from which he suffered for the remainder of his life.

After resting for a year at home, undeterred by this painful experience, he again visited the United States, and subsequently he crossed the Atlantic every year for a long period of his life.

Mr. Mackintosh was never so immersed in business as to forget religious and social claims. He was a sincere and enthusiastic worker in the Church and Sunday school. On hearing him talk of his experiences in America, the impression received from the drift of the conversation, and the detailed information he gave, was that he had gone specially to investigate the American Sunday school system.

Every Sunday, when in America, he visited some Sunday school, occasionally addressing the scholars, but always carefully observing the methods of work adopted, and gleaning information that might be useful to the schools at home. He promptly accepted unfamiliar methods when he saw that they were successful elsewhere, and adopted them when they were practicable.

On one occasion, a business friend invited him to a little town in the country, about fifty miles from New York, and asked him to address the Sunday school on the following Lord's Day. It was "Thanksgiving Day" in the States, and therefore a great day at the school. When he arrived

on the Saturday evening, he was startled to see his name placarded in huge letters, together with the following announcement :—

“JOHN MACKINTOSH, THE MILLIONAIRE CANDY KING FROM ENGLAND, WILL ADDRESS THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ON THANKSGIVING DAY.”

On reading this specimen of American hyperbole, he was tempted to take as his subject “Truthfulness.” But after a night’s rest, recalling the fact that he was in America, he submitted with a good grace, and spoke of “How to get rich by giving things away.” To illustrate and illumine his subject, he told the following appropriate parable :—

“It was the eve of ‘Thanksgiving Day’ in New York, and Mr. Brown was hurrying home from his office, when passing a poulterer’s shop he remembered that he had not sent the usual ‘Thanksgiving’ present to his cashier, Mr. Jones. So at the risk of missing the last train home, he stopped and ordered a turkey to be sent along to Mr. Jones’ address. The turkey arrived somewhat late in the evening. Mrs. Jones had given up all hope of the usual gift coming along, and had therefore bought a goose for the occasion. Not wishing to keep all the good things for herself, she passed along the goose to Mrs. Smith, who used to come and help them with their domestic cleaning. When Master Jones arrived at Mrs. Smith’s with the goose still later in the evening, it was only to find that Mrs. Smith had made a rabbit-pie for their ‘Thanksgiving dinner.’ But being touched by the generosity of Mrs. Jones, she racked her brains to discover someone to whom she might pass on the rabbit-pie. Eventually she thought of poor Joe who used to sweep the crossing on Broadway, and

she trotted off to his wretched attic with the rabbit-pie. On the morrow what was left of the rabbit-pie was given to the birds, so they too had their 'Thanksgiving' feast. And so quite a lot of different people were made richer and happier by Mr. Brown's first gift."

On another occasion, being in the West End district of New York, he was attracted to a palatial Sunday school, and entering with the others, he found himself occupying a front seat in a large Bible class for adults. The teacher, who was quite a young man, took the whole of the service, and expounded the lesson quietly but clearly, and with just that touch of feeling that made it effective. Mr. Mackintosh was afterwards invited to meet the teacher, whom he discovered, to his surprise, was the son of Mr. Rockefeller the "Oil King." Young Mr. Rockefeller was naturally pleased to show an enthusiastic English Sunday school worker all the machinery of an up-to-date American school, which never had to wait for what was requisite for lack of funds.

The next morning a New York paper contained the following item of information in a report of the meeting of the Bible class:—"The usual detective sat on the front row of the class, who afterwards joined Mr. Rockefeller in the vestry." So for once an American reporter was caught napping.

Among other well-known Sunday school workers whose acquaintance Mr. Mackintosh made during his travels was Mr. John Wannamaker, then the greatest shop-keeper in the world.

They met at a Sunday School Convention, and Mr. Mackintosh asked Mr. Wannamaker to write and send a message to Sunday school

workers in England. Mr. Wannamaker promised to do so, and said that he attended Sunday school every Sunday morning. Shortly after Mr. Mackintosh's return home he received the following interesting communication from Mr. Wannamaker :—

"I take pleasure in affirming my belief that the best expression of God's love to men is the cross of Jesus Christ, and the fact that there are three sure roads that lead straight to it :—the Sabbath, that God made for man ; the Book of God, to be man's lamp ; and the Sanctuary, to be God's schoolhouse. Scientific enquiry has done much to bless the world, but no discovery it has made can help men so much as these three paths.
JOHN WANNAMAKER."

But Mr. Mackintosh never forgot Queen's Road Church and Sunday School wherever he might be, and on Sundays his thoughts were always drawn to the place which had for him so many tender memories. Here is a typical letter home :—

Sunday, May 8th, 1904.

"To-day is the first Sunday in May, the Sunday School Anniversary. It is about 2 o'clock by American time, about 8 o'clock in the evening by English time. You will be just singing the last hymn at the evening service. My mind conjures up the scene of all the happy children arrayed in their Sunday best, now getting rather tired but still singing lustily ; and the fore-gathering of so many old friends and scholars. How I long to join in singing that hymn ! I am far away here in America, but wherever I go, and whatever new scenes I see, or people I meet, nothing takes the place, or is more beautiful, than the old place and the old friends at Queen's Road. No business nor worldly success can hold out such pleasures as these."

The overflowing good nature of the man was evident in the trouble he took, and the time he spent, looking up relations of friends at home who had removed to various parts of America.

Nothing delighted him more than to visit them in their homes in the new world, no matter how humble they might be. He was always welcome, for the prosperous business man was the unchanged friend whom they had known in former years.

When he was in Philadelphia he visited the grandmother of one of the Queen's Road girls. When he arrived at the house the door was opened by the old lady herself.

His greeting was—

"Are you Nellie's grandmother?"

Without asking the name of her visitor she replied—

"Aye, lad, I am ; come reight in."

He followed her into her spotlessly clean and tidy kitchen. Then without speaking another word, she drew a big chair to the fire for him, placed the kettle on the hob, spread the white cloth on the table, got out the tea things, took off her apron, and sitting down in a chair by the hearth, she said in the broad Doric of her native county—

"Well, lad, I dunnot know who tha' art, but if tha' comes fra' Halifax tha'rt reight welcome. Eh ! but tha' knows I left mi heart i' Queensbury."

Queensbury is a small township perched on the Yorkshire hills a short tram-ride from Halifax. It was sweet to hear the familiar dialect and to receive such a hearty and homely welcome, and Mr. Mackintosh felt repaid for all the trouble he had taken to visit the old exile from home.

Another touching incident occurred during this tour. Two factory girls who hailed from Halifax saw him passing through the works

where they were employed, but they were afraid to speak to him, "because he was with the 'Boss.'" These exiles were so bitterly disappointed that, as they afterwards said, they went home and "had a good cry." When the circumstances came to the knowledge of Mr. Mackintosh, busy as he always was, he found time to write them a personal letter expressing his regret that he had missed seeing and speaking to them, and promising to call at their home and have a chat with them on the first opportunity that occurred. He kept his word, and for a short time they had him all to themselves, to their boundless delight. There are few among the great Captains of Industry who would take so much time and trouble simply to cheer the lonely hearts of two poor working girls.

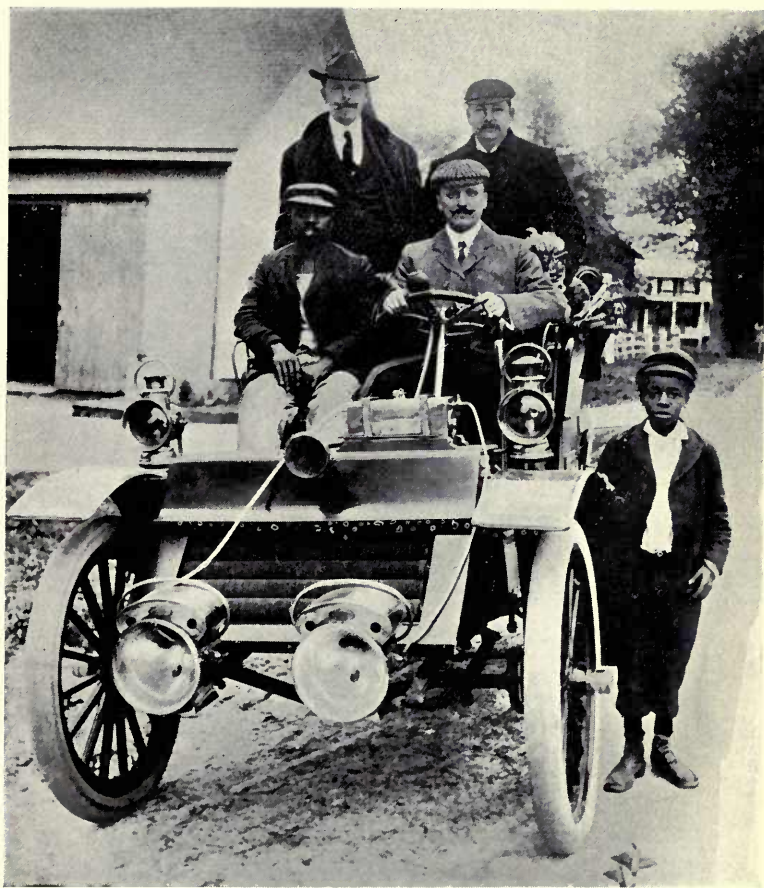
Of the American in some businesses he says :—

"I came across some delightful people. Of course most of them hang on like glue if there is any money about. I mean business people; for out of business hours the American and his lady are the soul of good fellowship, and generous to a degree; but during business hours they are on the dollars and no mistake."

He told a delightful tale of an American lawyer :—

"Our lawyer is a splendid man, quiet, unassuming, never mentions money, will smoke a good cigar with anyone. One evening I invited him down to my hotel to join me at dinner, and afterwards for cigars. There was a magnificent orchestra provided by the hotel, and we had a very pleasant evening. On leaving, the lawyer remarked, 'Well, Mr. Mackintosh, it was very kind of you to invite me down here. I shall not forget your splendid hospitality. I want you to come up to my club on Saturday evening,

MR. MACKINTOSH IN AMERICA.



His first Motoring experience, 1903.

and I shall be delighted to play the host.' I accepted the invitation. But when the next bill came in for services rendered by the lawyer he charged in full for that banquet, even to the tips he had given to the waiters, and for his time in attending my little party. Smart, was it not? But then we must not judge the average American by the smart New York lawyer, and I have many good friends, and most delightful remembrances which linger, and always will, in my memory."

Among the sights of New York Mr. Mackintosh was induced to visit China Town.

"I was indebted to a business friend for some of the strangest sights I ever saw. He was anxious that I should see Chinatown at night-time, for then they are seen at their liveliest, as they sleep during the day and work or play at night. We arranged a meeting place, which was none other than the Police Office nearest the Chinese quarter. Here our friend arranged for a detective to accompany us. We noticed that his pocket bulged out to a considerable extent and decidedly took the shape of a revolver. Eventually we ran full tilt into Chinatown. Here was to be seen a whole street of genuine Chinese, with sleepy eyes, and wearing queer shoes and clothing, and with black pig-tails hanging down to their ankles. The shops were all Chinese, from the names on the doors to the men behind the counters. It was the queerest place imaginable, and one forgot one was in the heart of New York. We felt rather creepy as we elbowed our way through the crowds of these sleepy Chinamen. Some would say things to us which we could not understand, others looked round at the inquisitive infidels that were invading their territory. We visited first the 'Joss House,' the

Chinese name for their temple. This was at the top of a three-storeyed building, and the temple was more like a show at the Halifax Fair than anything else. Faded tinsel trimmings, rusty ornaments, worm-eaten Oriental rugs. The altar where the people knelt to pray was a dirty, dismal affair, and the gods were dirtier still. We did not remain long, I assure you, and the visit, I am sure, did not convert us to Confucianism."

"We next went to the Opera House. This was a large building, again reminding one of the wooden shows of the fair-ground. We paid our seventy cents and entered. We had a 'box' reserved for us. This was nothing more than a bench on a raised platform with a wooden railing. From our 'box' we saw a thousand sleepy eyes staring at us out of expressionless faces. We wondered if they liked us coming into their places of resort, out of mere curiosity. We looked cheerful and talked to one another as if we owned the place, but I believe most of us were chicken-hearted. What a strange sight is a Chinese play! A Chinese actress was on the stage. She was slowly moving her body to and fro, raising her hands slowly, and slowly letting them fall again. Her slow sing-song was very little better than a cat's concert, and not half as exciting. Every now and again she clutched an imaginary object, supposed to be a bird or a fly I should think, for after pretending she had caught it, she would lift it out of her hand and let it fly away again. These movements would continue for nearly an hour together. Of course they were accompanied by musicians of the Chinese variety. The music was similar to what we have heard many times from a boy's impromptu band, furnished with such instruments

as an empty can, the bottom of a tub, and a comb. We endured it as best we could. It was truly novel, and if it was not to our taste it gave us a very good idea of the things that appealed to the people in far-off China. Our guide told us that all Chinese plays are historical, and as they often last for many weeks, the Chinaman has to do a lot of reading of his country's history to understand the meaning of the play. The large audience never took their eyes off the players, and seldom was any expression seen on their faces. Now and again some special point of interest sent the ghost of a smile across their faces, only to be immediately lost again.

"After leaving the Opera House we followed our leader down dirty alleys, mounted a flight of steps, and went along a passage that contained the accumulated dust of years. A door was opened in answer to a regulation knock on the panel, which was understood by the door-keeper. What a sight met our eyes as we entered ! We were in an opium den. On beds of straw round the room men were smoking the poisonous opium. What a sight ! Some of them had been imbibing the fumes of the deadly narcotic until they were in a state of unconsciousness ; with glassy eyes, drawn faces, clutching nervously at their pipes with the long stems and small heads ; and so they dreamed and dreamed while their bodies were going to the grave. The abominable stench of the whole place was turning me sick.

"Our next visit was to a Chinese Restaurant. For Chinese it was clean. It was well fitted up, but, of course, in the Chinese fashion. A fussy little Chinaman brought us the *ménu*. We first had some real China tea and some chop-sewie ; or, rather, we ordered it. Do you think we ate it ? If so, you are mistaken. Had we not still

the smell of Chinatown in our nostrils ? No ; we paid for supper, but personally I had no appetite for anything to eat for hours after I left.

“ It was in the early hours of the morning when we at last left Chinatown behind us. For days after these sights haunted me. I am not quite sure whether when I got into bed I did not pull the clothes up higher than usual. I know I was glad I was born in England and am an Englishman..”

Mr. Mackintosh was in the States during one of the Presidential elections. Of American politics at that time he says :—

“ There are scarcely any independents in the States. Either you are a Republican or a Democrat. The method adopted by each side working for votes is, first to look up carefully the records of the opposing candidate or any of his chief supporters, then to circulate all the stories they can possibly manufacture about them. If such language were used in England I am afraid there would be many libel actions, but here it is the man who can do most damage to the other man that wins. One side is represented by large posters as being a tiger ready to tear the country to pieces. In great letters under the picture of this tiger appear the words, ‘ Do you want to let the tiger loose again ? If not, vote for John Jones, who drew the tiger’s claws.’ In a shop window on one of the main streets of New York was a great cage with iron bars. Inside the cage was a huge tiger pacing restlessly. A placard contained the words, ‘ Do not let the tiger loose again !’ In another part of the window was a tray full of tigers’ claws, and the injunction to, ‘ Vote for John Jones, who

pulled these claws at the last election and will do it again."

This is what Mr. Mackintosh has to say of his first view of Niagara :—

"As one looks at this mighty mass of water as it thunders over the precipice, the sight grows on one and you *feel* Niagara. There is always a great cloud of mist rising in front of the falls, and as the sun shines through it the most perfect and beautiful rainbows form. With every changing light the falls present new beauties. Now the waters are green as grass : then in the shimmering light, silver ; again, they are as black as ink. As you look intently into the spray flashing back the light you can see angels dancing on the waters ; or if you are in a despondent frame of mind, you may see chariots, with demons driving black horses to the bottomless abyss. You feel you want to laugh and sing one minute, and the next to sob ! At one time you think the river belongs to God, and the next it seems too terrible, and must be the work of the devil. Here on the Canadian side is a 'Cliff Railway' that takes people down below, and enables those who are hardy enough to go right under the falls themselves. We were quickly accommodated with water-proof suits, and a guide accompanied us as we descended into the depths below. The roar of the falls from above was as a whisper compared with what we now heard, as we crept along the foot of the precipice towards the cave through which we were to go a hundred feet behind the terrible falls. We found the need of the waterproof clothes very soon, for the wind moaned and groaned and blew the spray over us, making us dripping wet. We 'felt Niagara' now in more ways than one. It was easy to imagine ourselves one of Dante's

party, as we followed our guide over the rocks and across the abyss, on the way to the land of lost souls. As we entered the cave, even the small light we had failed, and our guide picked up a lighted lantern and led us on. The only possible way to see the falls is to approach them from the cave.

"When a good distance in we came to a hole in the side of the rock, and we approached tremulously and looked out. A great gust of wind sent the spray into our faces, and we stepped back gasping for breath. Still, with the water streaming from our oilskins we go on, until the cave suddenly opens and we are in front of strong protecting rails. So far and no farther ! There is no need for warning notices. Ten thousand lions in our path could not be more terrible than this fall of water. All the beauty is lost in the terrifying spectacle ! You feel your flesh creep and the hair on your head rise. I hear that sometimes people looking on Niagara lose their reason and jump into its terrifying depths ; and now, after seeing it from beneath, I have little wonder that such strange things should happen. This experience is fit only for people with strong nerves. To those who can stand the test it reveals another world. We presented a sorry spectacle as we ascended, dripping wet and begrimed with clay, but in a few minutes we were in our carriage, dry and happy once more."

Of the dangers of New York he writes home :—

"New York is the noisiest city in the world, and yesterday I was reminded that this is a land of risks. I travelled on the railway over a spot where an accident happened an hour later, several being killed. I crossed the river in a large ferry-boat half an hour before a serious accident

had happened to one of these boats, through the man at the engine dying suddenly at his post. I was passing down Broadway later in the day when a man was run over by an electric street car and killed, and when I got nicely to bed at night I was awakened with fire-engines flying through the streets; a great factory was burnt down to the ground, and many firemen were killed. I am, however, missing all these things, and I am glad to say I am keeping very well."

The Notes contain an account of Mr. Mackintosh's unpleasant experience in a terrific blizzard. He was returning from Montreal to New York, with just sufficient time to complete the journey and catch the Liner home, when the blizzard overwhelmed the train, and after struggling many hours to get through they were completely snowed up. Help was obtained, and after immense labour the drifts were sufficiently reduced to enable the train to be moved to the nearest wayside station, where it remained for forty-eight hours, until the blizzard had blown itself out. On arriving at length in New York three days late, the Liner had sailed, but he was able to book a passage on another boat the following day. Early on the voyage an incident took place which he used subsequently as an illustration in his addresses.

"Some twenty-four hours after leaving New York we were at breakfast, when suddenly every passenger on the ship was aware that there had been a distinct change in the throb of the engines. People stopped eating and looked wonderingly about, for it is an almost unheard of thing for those mighty engines to cease their steady throb when once the vessel gets under weigh for its three thousand miles' trip. Another

minute or two and the engines ceased altogether. That was too much for the composure of even the most experienced traveller, and within two minutes the dining-room was deserted, and all the passengers were out on the decks. Seeing nothing, all eyes were turned to the bridge, where the captain was looking anxiously through his glasses. Over two thousand pairs of eyes followed the direction of the captain's search of the ocean, and there, sure enough, could be seen a small object on the water about a mile away. Eventually it turned out to be a raft, on which were what remained of a ship-wrecked crew of a small schooner. As the ship came near the raft the life-boat was lowered, and two men, a woman and a little child, all in an exhausted and almost dying condition, were brought aboard the vessel, the raft being allowed to drift away after having done its work. It turned out that this little schooner had been caught in the same blizzard that had held our train up some days previously, and these were all that were saved, the woman being the wife of the skipper. It was great excitement for all on board, and we all felt somewhat proud of the rescue, as if we had had something to do with it. I could not help thinking how sacred human life is ; for had that raft contained only one little child, perhaps only a few days old, yet this mighty vessel with thousands of souls on board, which in the ordinary way nothing could ever have induced to alter its relentless course, would have stood away and spent hours, if need be, in the rescue of that dying baby. This is just what our Sunday schools and kindred institutions are striving to do—to save the children and put their feet on the safe and sure path. Can any work be more worthy of man's endeavour? I think not ! ”

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM DISTANT LANDS.



Native Strolling Players on the Nile.



By kind permission of Church Missionary Society.

Lady Missionary on Thibetian Frontier.

In both scenes the Toffee Tin plays a prominent part.

The paralysing calamity of the Great World War put an end for the time being to normal trade. Manufactures had to give place to munitions, and naturally the confectionery trade was one of the first to suffer. After thirty years' struggle, business seemed to have been firmly and finally established at home and abroad ; but the war shook it to the foundations. From the very nature of the business he could expect little consideration in such an emergency as that with which the nation was confronted, when its very life was threatened. The effect was felt immediately after war was declared, for the first commodity to become scarce and to be controlled was sugar, the chief article used in the manufacture of his goods. The war years were in many ways more difficult and trying than any that had preceded them. Mr. Mackintosh's health also was now greatly impaired, and he was the less able to bear the anxieties of that terrible period. But he did his best to carry on and to hold the business together, while his sons and his workmen went into the firing line. The staff was rapidly depleted—men left for the Army or the Navy in quick succession, and generous assistance was rendered to their families by the firm. As sugar became more scarce the ration to manufacturers was reduced ; until only twenty per cent. of pre-war supplies was allowed. The business at home was kept together with difficulty by rationing the shops in proportion to their former sales ; but

the export business, which he had built up with so much care and expense, was for the time entirely lost.

Writing at this period to the author, he says :—

“ I have just an interval between one interview and another. I am at my office, a nice cosy place in winter, as I am over the boilers, and although the office floor is concrete the heat comes up. Yes, it is nice now, but in the summer it sends me home.

“ It becomes more and more difficult to steer our ‘ Toffee de Luxe ’ ship through the troubled seas. We had over one thousand workpeople before the War, and now we have not quite two hundred and fifty. Of course we have only twenty per cent. of the sugar, and our output is down in like proportion ; but still we will not grumble if we are just allowed to keep the wheels going round, so as to hold the organisation together until after the War. Inconveniences we expect, considerable sacrifices we would gladly make, but to shut up a concern like this altogether means disaster. One never knows in these days what is coming, but I always hope for the best.”

Nearly two-thirds of the men left for active service or for other forms of war work, and hundreds of the girls, who had been accustomed only to the light and cleanly work of wrapping and handling toffee, went to Munition Works and learned to handle deadly explosives or heavy shells. Both Mr. Mackintosh's sons, who were with him in the business, left for the King's Service, the younger for the army and the elder for the navy ; and he himself, in his fiftieth year, was called up for medical examination and classed C3 !

There was no more patriotic firm than Mackintosh's in the country, and whether the demand of the moment was for men, materials or money, it was always met to the fullest extent, and Mr. Mackintosh was justifiably proud of the record of his firm and his employees. Not only were the wives and families of those who joined the colours treated generously so as to make up in part for the loss of their bread-winners, but especial care was bestowed on the relatives of men who laid down their lives in this great cause. Over thirty of the young men employed by the firm made the supreme sacrifice, which was also the supreme achievement. For much is done for a cause when men are willing to die for it. Mr. Mackintosh wrote personally, at regular intervals, to the men at the front, and sent out parcels to them; and none of them returned on leave without calling to see the "Boss," who would then put everything aside, no matter how busy he might be, in order to speak a few cheering words to them and express the hope that they might have a speedy and safe return.

Great quantities of Mackintosh's Toffee were despatched to the troops and to the Navy in all parts of the world. Anyone who was at the front, on land or sea, knows that nothing was more welcome to "Tommy" or to "Jack" than the familiar tin. It lasted longer than chocolate and that was an advantage, as it helped along the leaden, weary hours. Before the war the chief ration allowed in the German Army for forced marches was sugar, and our own military authorities soon realised the food value of toffee, and of the war output of the factories a large proportion was taken by Government Departments for the troops.

All men on active service were familiar with the large oval tin from Halifax, for its size and shape made it invaluable for use in a thousand different ways. Millions of these tins were sent across to France and to other and more distant theatres of war, because they made such splendid packages for parcels, and the shops at home were scoured for the empty tins; but long after the boys had disposed of the good things sent from home the tin itself was put to ingenious uses.

An officer of the Flying Corps wrote, that he was flying behind the German lines when a defect in his machine caused him to make a forced landing. The trouble was found to be in a fractured exhaust-pipe. An emergency repair had to be made on the spot, but what could he use for the purpose? Suddenly he thought of the oval tin which he had with him. Whipping out his cutter and soldering iron, he speedily patched the damaged tube, and was able to gain the air again before he was observed by the enemy. He returned safely to his own lines by the help of a Mackintosh Toffee tin. A photograph of the repaired pipe, showing clearly the familiar design on the tin, accompanied this letter.

A former employee wrote from the trenches, "somewhere in France" :—

"I cannot get away from the old firm. We are in the front line trenches now, and between us and the 'Boche,' right in the middle of 'No-man's-land,' is an empty four-pound 'Toffee de Luxe' tin. Whenever either ourselves or the enemy have nothing particular to do, we spend the time potting at the old tin. It is fast disappearing, but through my periscope I can just make out the old familiar bowl of cream,

and it reminds me of home and the good old firm."

An officer, a returned prisoner of war from Austria, brought home with him an improvised kettle which he and his companions had made during their period of enforced idleness. It had been very ingeniously fashioned from two of the oval tins.

A member of the firm, who happened to be visiting Germany on business at the time war was declared, was interned for the whole of the period from 1914 to 1918, in a civilian camp. As he spoke German fluently, he soon gained considerable influence in the camp. After he had been about a year in exile, a letter was received by his friends at home saying that one of the interned prisoners was being exchanged, as he was an elderly man and unfit for military service. The writer also stated that the released prisoner would visit Halifax and bring with him a letter "two feet" long. The man came as stated, but, much to the disappointment of the friends in Halifax, he brought no letter with him, but only a parcel containing a pair of bedroom slippers, which he said he had brought as a present from the prisoner still in Germany. For many days they puzzled over the promised letter and the gift of slippers. Eventually light dawned on this cryptic message. Were the two slippers the "two feet" mentioned, and was the letter concealed somewhere in them? Tearing the soles apart they found hidden between the inner and the outer portions a letter from their friend in one slipper, and in the other several papers closely written in German. These they brought to Mr. Mackintosh and sought his advice. The letter stated briefly that one of the men

interned at the camp was a German naturalised as an Englishman, who had lived in England for many years prior to the War, and he was now offering his services to the German Government as a spy in England. The German had been released to go on "special service to England," and the friend from Halifax immediately searched the quarters recently occupied by the spy. He found copies of the letters that had been written to the German authorities, and carefully hid them about his person. Shortly afterward, the prison officers came down and made a thorough search for the missing documents. The entire camp was turned inside out, but without result. It would not have been safe to tell all this to the messenger who brought the slippers; it was better that he should remain in ignorance. Hence the message and the mysterious allusion to the "two feet."

It was clever and ingenious, and Mr. Mackintosh felt proud of the man, who, under such difficult circumstances and at such personal risk, sought to serve his country. The German papers were translated, and as they were evidently of some importance, the whole of the documents were forwarded to the Foreign Office. Nothing further was heard of the matter until after the War, when the authorities acknowledged that these papers supplied them with evidence that enabled them to identify and arrest several dangerous spies in this country. Mr. Mackintosh then approached the Foreign Office urging the propriety of some practical recognition of the valuable services rendered. By his efforts a substantial reward was obtained for the young man, which came as a pleasant surprise to him when the German Internment Camp was disbanded and he was able to return home.

Despite all assertions to the contrary, character is a great asset in business. Sincerity and truth have secured more solid success than all the shady tricks of men without principle. "Good Will" is also of great importance in business. It has a real cash value, and it is charged for as a solid asset when the business is sold. It is true that some business men are mere Shylocks; but what great commercial house exists to-day that was built up by such methods? Given natural ability, integrity and good-will are the best equipment a business man can possess. The selfishness that would grasp all often ends in the loss of all.

"Good-will toward men" was the guiding principle of John Mackintosh's life, and it permeated all his business relationships as buyer and seller, manufacturer and employer of labour. When he was asked how he had secured his great success he replied:—

"By giving people something they want and making it what I claim it is, and trying to treat everyone in a human and friendly way. People like homely manners as well as homely goods. Study your customers as if they were your family and you were catering for them. Make friends *for* your business. Make friends *of* your employees; have courage; work hard; do not try to grow too fast."

His relations with his employees were most cordial and intimate. He was of the old school of employers, who kept in personal

touch with their workpeople. He shared their joys and sorrows, and fostered the family feeling between himself and them. He was regarded by the great majority of them as a father, and was mourned as such at his passing. It is comparatively easy to have this personal link when a business is small, but it is quite a different thing to maintain it when the employees number many hundreds and are scattered all over the country and in distant lands. His personal charm and fatherly manner won the hearts of all his fellow-workers, and they felt that they could safely leave themselves in his hands. They knew he would do what was right and fair towards them in all circumstances. Evidence of this confidence is found in the long service of very many of his workpeople, of which he was justly proud.

He did not put much faith in high sounding schemes, but he believed in paying good wages, and in not waiting to be asked when an increase had been earned and was due. He said that "What the working man wants is not a fancy scheme, but a decent wage that he can rely on." When he was elected a member of the Government Wage Board for governing minimum wages in the confectionery trade he frequently found himself on the side of the workers, and they came to regard him almost as one of themselves.

It was owing to his good-will toward all men and his consequent personal and friendly interest in all his workpeople, that in the thirty years of his business life he never experienced a strike, nor even the threat of one. When the chief is in sympathy with his subordinates and is always approachable, the fear of serious trouble is largely discounted. He insisted on the freedom of personal access to himself being accorded to every

worker, and to their credit it must be stated that the workers never abused this privilege. Another factor which contributed largely to the smooth working of his huge organisation, was his habit of looking ahead and noting signs of approaching trouble. "To foresee trouble," said he, "is better than meeting it when it comes."

To travellers and business representatives he showed a kindly courtesy that was rare, and to them refreshing. One of his maxims was, "Never treat another firm's representative other than you would wish your own to be treated."

The labour he did in writing so many hundreds of autograph letters to those associated with him in business was immense. It is a mystery how he found time for a tithe of them, but these communications did much to bring all the members of his vast business organisation into unison. No sorrow or affliction befell an old employee, no matter how lowly his position, but he was comforted by a personal letter of sympathy in the chief's own hand-writing. Here is a sketch of Mr. Mackintosh, bearing the sorrows of his fellow-workers during War time :

"My last interview with him," wrote a Halifax minister, "was at his office, and he showed himself the most kindly and brotherly of men. He generously offered to enable my church to send a large quantity of toffee to France for our soldier lads at less than half the usual cost. At the moment he was doing this the sad news of the death in France of one of his staff had plunged the whole office into sorrow. His manner and speech were so sympathetic that one felt the whole atmosphere to be that of a home, rather than a place of business."

Mr. Mackintosh could be very stern if necessity demanded ; there was the iron hand

in the velvet glove. But if there was any doubt in an accusation, the worker got the benefit of it. He demanded that his assistants should look at every question from the worker's point of view. His own experience of their difficulties helped him to understand their attitude. He assumed no airs of superiority and aloofness where workers were concerned, and he declined to prolong any dispute to preserve his dignity. If he saw that he was wrong he would quickly and frankly own it, and give up his point forthwith. He was satisfied to share, and never wanted the whole of anything for himself. Often he said with a smile, "You cannot have both your halfpenny and the toffee."

He knew personally and by name a surprising number of his workers, and when their numbers grew until it was impossible to remember them all, he kept in touch with them by frequently calling them together for a personal talk. He cordially hated any system by which a man became a mere part of the machinery or a number. When distributing monetary gifts in connection with his "Bounty Scheme" to celebrate the advent of peace, he was asked to call out the numbers of the workpeople, in order to save time and get through the distribution quickly. After calling out two or three, he said to the assembled company:—"Oh, I hate numbers; let us have names if it takes all day."

In proposing a resolution of thanks to the staff of a local bank of which he was a director he said:—

"Some people ask, 'Why say 'Thank you' to people who are paid for their services?' I take it to be an outward sign that those who say 'Thank you' are kindly disposed to those who serve them. You cannot pay human beings

altogether in cash. They want and ought to have something on the top, and that something is a kind and appreciative word for services rendered, and a word of sympathy in times of adversity. In these days (during the War) one cannot go far wrong in combining with a 'Thank you' our hearty sympathy with those who have lost friends in the War, and especially do we tender our sympathy with the relatives of those of our staff who have gone under in the great struggle through which we as a country are passing. All are deserving of our hearty thanks for services rendered through another year."

In this closing chapter of his Business Life it will not be out of place to print the "Appreciation" by the editor of a trade journal, which appeared shortly after Mr. Mackintosh's death.

"He worked as hard as his employees. He was never extravagant, he lived quietly and well. Luxuriousness was to him unknown. His optimism cheered him on. Well do I remember his first batch of goods for the wholesale trade. I saw them in Leeds. They were not an encouraging success. Many said they could not sell it, but all the time Mr. Mackintosh sold it in his own name for good or ill. It was 'Mackintosh's' not 'Crown,' nor 'Triumph,' nor any other trade label. At one time he was nearly down and under, but John had faith, if but little money. In those days he was obstinate, self-reliant, persevering. He kept on and won through. It was a great struggle. There were some who thought he would not succeed. Many times we talked together over these perilous days. He never gloated over his triumph. He was not built that way, he was just thankful that he had got through. Disaster would have broken his heart. The loss of capital would not have

hurt him half so much as the knowledge that he had been beaten. He was a Yorkshireman, a man of grit and tenacity. Had Mr. Mackintosh been spared to live the allotted time of three score years and ten, we should have had him with us another twenty years. Who can say what might have happened in that time? What he would have accomplished? He was the founder of his trade in this country. Its 'King' when he died."

It is given to few men to create ; it is given to fewer still to see the child of their brain grow to manhood. Of the few was John Mackintosh, who was not only an architect but a builder. Menaced for years by the fate which eventually overtook him, he never let go the reins, but he taught others how to drive. He beat out a road, and took care that it was such a road as those who came after him could follow and not some secret jungle path.

Success never spoiled him ; behind all was the simple, unaffected man, unpretentious, sympathetic to the end. It says much for his character that, although his name was known the wide world over, in no place was he held in higher esteem than in his native town. Had his life been simply a business life, however successful he might have been, he would never have captured the hearts of his fellow-townsmen as he did, nor would they have manifested such grief at his passing.

In the month of June, 1919, Mr. Mackintosh gave a great "Victory Ball" to celebrate the return of most of his men from the War, and to rejoice over the blessing of peace. This event was a public manifestation of that good-will which had stood the test of the strenuous years of war, and which still made his band of workers a happy family. The Victoria Hall was crowded to overflowing with over twelve hundred

guests. It was a red-letter day to the staff and to their chief. Never was there a happier reunion. Never had employer and employed met in a better and kindlier spirit, to give thanks for the sheathing of the sword, and to look forward with hope and confidence to the days of peaceful endeavour that were in prospect.

It proved to be the last time that Mr. Mackintosh was to meet all his employees in a social manner, and to those privileged to be present it will ever remain a cherished memory. During the evening, for a short time, the gaiety was suspended while Mr. Mackintosh addressed the large audience. He spoke of his own and his fellow-workers' sorrow, "For those who are feeling very lonely to-night through the loss of loved ones." The audience then stood in reverent silence as a tribute to the dead, and an expression of sympathy with the bereaved. Mr. Mackintosh unveiled a Roll of Honour, and a permanent photograph of the members of the staff who had died that others might live. But there were still some boys away on the various fronts, and three cheers were given for them, and afterwards three cheers for those who had returned in safety. Of the wounded men Mr. Mackintosh said, "We must all do what we can to help them. I notice some of them are picking up nice little girls to go into partnership with them. I wish them luck." He also stated that nearly £10,000 had been paid by the firm to the wives and families of soldiers on active service.

It was on this occasion that he outlined the Bounty Scheme, which had long been in his mind, and which he had determined to introduce immediately the war was over. By this scheme all employees, both men and women, received £1

for each year's service with the firm, and the amount was doubled to the relatives of those who had fallen. A similar distribution was made six months later, after his death, in accordance with a bequest in his will.

Before the close of the proceedings, Mr. Mackintosh had a pleasant surprise, in receiving from his workers a beautifully illuminated address. It was in volume form, and it contained the signatures of all the employees, together with the following inscription :—

“ To Councillor John Mackintosh, J.P.

“ We, the workpeople of John Mackintosh, Limited, desire to put on record the appreciation we feel of the magnificent way the firm has treated our men who have had to serve in the Army and Navy during the Great War, and also to thank him personally for his latest endeavour to help the workers ; and to express the hope that it may turn out to our mutual benefit.

“ We remember always the kindly way you deal with anything that concerns our welfare, and we sincerely hope you may be spared for many years to lead the firm of John Mackintosh, Limited, to greater success.

“ We ask your acceptance of this mark of our esteem and loyalty.”

“ 13th June, 1919.”

To Mrs. Mackintosh a diamond brooch was presented, with expressions of sincere regard.

Considering that this was the last gathering of the kind that Mr. Mackintosh ever attended, it was singularly appropriate that he should have received such a final testimony of goodwill from those most closely associated with him in his business. Besides the head of the firm, there were

four others, all holding important positions in the firm, who took part in this ceremony, and who were called to their final rest within the next few months. But the traditions Mr. Mackintosh left behind, and the good-will he inspired, are a priceless heritage both to the staff and to the firm.

It is refreshing in these days of industrial unrest to read the affectionate terms in which his employees expressed their sorrow for his passing. The following is a copy of the resolution passed at a meeting of all his workers on January 27th, 1920 :—

"The sudden death of a well-known local manufacturer, whose name is familiar through all the world, has removed from us one who ever had the welfare of all those associated with him at heart, and the loss is keenly felt by every individual employee. Mr. Mackintosh was a man of great generosity in thought and deed. Deeply religious and sincere, he was one who did much for his fellow-men. His kindness and good-will permeated every branch of the organisation of John Mackintosh, Limited, and his life leaves to us all a memory that will be sweet and lasting."

Such is the verdict of his own work-people ; and he would have wished for nothing better from this world than to have earned such an eulogy.

Mr. Mackintosh lived in accordance with the Apostolic precept, being "Diligent in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord." Carrying the heavy responsibilities of a great business, his physical weakness often making his ordinary tasks a toil and a burden ; he nevertheless engaged strenuously in the work of the Church. On one occasion, when compelled by doctor's orders to decline a further service of a philanthropic character in Halifax, he confessed that he worked to the last ounce of his strength.

His business life revealed but one side of his character ; it was a silhouette only. To know the real man it is necessary to see something of his church life. His nature was deeply religious, and, like David, he built "an altar in the threshing floor." The threshing out of a man's daily bread and the building of the altar are different things, and they are sometimes regarded as contrary the one to the other. Business and religion are supposed to belong to separate water-tight compartments, but in very truth they are inseparable. Whatever else a man leaves behind when he enters his office, he always takes his religion with him : not necessarily the religion he professes, but certainly the religion he possesses, whether it be that of Ebenezer Scrooge, or that of the Brothers Cheeryble. What a man is, that he does !

John Mackintosh put his religion into his business, and he put his business ability into his religion. It does not detract in the least from this, that the good he did to others came back in many beautiful forms to himself. That is simply the law of ethics. Blessings as well as curses are "birds that come home to roost."

When wealth and honours crowned his efforts, the increase of riches meant for him the increase of opportunities of doing good ; not in the stern spirit of the Puritan, but with an easy joyousness that doubled the value of his gifts. The giver was always in the gift, and the gift was never "bare." Sir Launcelot hears the Master say,

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso' we share in another's need,
Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour and me."

No one could enter more sympathetically into the sorrows of others nor offer assistance with a more graceful courtesy. He made the recipient feel that he was conferring instead of receiving a kindness. When thanked for an act of kindly benevolence, Mr. Mackintosh replied, "There is no credit in it. Some people spend their money in other ways, and it gives them pleasure. I get most pleasure out of money spent in this way." He had the joy of doing good, and that was enough.

Apart from the training of early years in "Queen's Road," it would have been impossible for him to have plunged at once into the many and varied religious and philanthropic activities that crowded the closing years of his life. He grew up in and with the Queen's Road Methodist

New Connexion Church, afterwards merged in the United Methodist Church.

To call a church by the name of the street in which it stands is characteristic of Nonconformity. Scattered throughout the land are sanctuaries that have great traditions, and are associated with great names, and yet are known only by the road in which they are situated. The saints are not called upon to assist in the naming of such churches, but "Carr's Lane" is more than a side street in Birmingham, and "Lyndhurst Road" and "City Road" are more than mere London thoroughfares. They symbolise the genius and faith of Dale and Jowett, Horton and Wesley, and the helpful activities of the great churches associated with their names.

So "Queen's Road," to those who worship there, or have been associated with the church in past years and have removed to distant towns and countries, is not merely the mile-long thoroughfare in which the church stands. It is their spiritual home, the sanctuary, the holy place redolent of tender memories.

Queen's Road Church grew out of the Sunday school work of the mother church of Salem, North Parade, Halifax. In the year 1870 the Salem Sunday school was overcrowded, and the startling proposal was made in the Teachers' Meeting that the school register should be closed until the number of scholars attending had been reduced to six hundred. The mover of the resolution was a diplomat, and thus accomplished his object, which was to call attention to the need of making provision elsewhere for the children who could not be accommodated at Salem. The result was that a school was erected in Hanson Lane at a cost of £725.

The school-church was opened on January 15th, 1871, and both church and school prospered to such an extent, that six years later, under the guidance of Dr. Townsend, at the time minister of Salem, and Mr. John Mackintosh, uncle of the subject of this biography, a larger church was erected in Queen's Road, and was opened for worship in February, 1877.

Soon the school premises were too small to accommodate the number of children who came to "Queen's Road," and the enlargement of the school was carried out at a cost of £2,139 1s. It was a great venture, but these pioneers were imbued with the spirit of Old Salem, and with the audacity of faith they triumphed over all their difficulties. Uncle John had laid the foundation-stone of the new Queen's Road School, and now his widow officiated in a like capacity in the building of the enlarged school. These commodious premises were opened on March 13th, 1897.

When Mr. Mackintosh afterwards became treasurer of "Queen's Road," he made the surprising discovery that the trustees had paid in interest on debt more money than the entire cost of the premises. This made him resolve to put an end to such a perpetual drain on the financial resources of the church, which he eventually did by wiping out all debts and creating a small endowment fund.

The late Rev. John Young, pastor of "Queen's Road" from 1909 to the time of his death, gave the following outline of Mr. Mackintosh's early associations with "Queen's Road" in the church's magazine,

"Mr. Mackintosh gave himself to God at the age of thirteen years, and joined the church. Ever since he has been 'in labours more abun-

dant' in every department of Christian service. At the age of fourteen years he was appointed School Librarian ; at fifteen, Financial Secretary ; at seventeen, General Secretary, retaining office for fourteen years, at the end of which period he became School Superintendent. For fifteen years he thus wielded an influence which, carried by scholars to other lands, extended beyond the seas. He was a member of the choir for twenty years ; 'Trustees' Secretary fourteen years, which office he still holds (1913) ; 'Circuit Secretary nine years, and for the last four years he has occupied the position of Circuit Treasurer.

"When failing health compelled him to retire from the Superintendency of the Sunday school, he was appointed Honorary Superintendent, in loving tribute to him for his long and faithful service.

"A man of ideas and convictions, he does not hesitate to differ from his friends, but always with courtesy and respect for the judgment and opinions of others. His heart is tender as a woman's, his sympathies generous as a child's. His noblest deeds are unheralded, but their 'fragrance fills the house.' "

A remarkable man belonging to an old Salem family, named Joseph Seed, was in its early days the inspiring genius of "Queen's Road." He was a man of wonderful energy, possessing great mental and spiritual gifts. His Select Class numbered from fifty to one hundred members, and he taught them, unfolding the truths of Holy Writ, every Sunday afternoon for twenty-three years. This class was of immense service to Mr. Mackintosh and to the younger generation associated with "Queen's Road" at this period.

When Joseph Seed died on March 15th, 1898, at the age of forty-eight years, the news was

received by the church with dismay. It was, to use the expressive words of Isaiah, "As when a standard-bearer fainteth." Joseph Seed's last letter was written to John Mackintosh, and was preserved by him as a precious relic of a good man. It was a request that Mr. Mackintosh should officiate for Mr. Seed on the following Sunday. Though shrinking from the responsibility, Mr. Mackintosh complied with the wish of his teacher and acquitted himself well. It was evident that the mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha, and when Mr. Seed passed into "the presence of the King," Mr. Mackintosh took up the work, and from 1898 onward was to "Queen's Road" what Joseph Seed had been in former years.

For twenty years John Mackintosh was a member of the choir. Lovely country is easily accessible from Halifax, and as a relief from the severe training for various musical services, the choir would journey on summer evenings to the moors and woods, and there exercise their musical gifts. Glees sung in such a setting made a more direct appeal to the spirit than was possible elsewhere. The finest concert room is in the open-air. One of the old choir members recalls fondly one summer evening at Mount Zion, which is situated on the breezy Yorkshire moor of Ogden. This church is associated with "Queen's Road," but its traditions go back to the days of John Wesley. In the Manse, now the caretaker's house, is Wesley's room, called the "Prophet's Chamber," which contains the original furniture, and is kept in much the same condition as when it was occupied by the Father of Methodism. Here it was that the choir met; the western sky tender with the light of the setting sun; the leader giving the note; the

choir sounding the first chord ; then giving a rendering almost perfect in tone and feeling of the well-known lines ;—

“ Softly fall the shades of evening
O'er the valley hushed and still,
As the sun's last rays are falling
From the distant western hill.
Balmy mists have lulled to slumber
Weary tenants of the tree,
Stars in bright and glorious number
Sparkle on the waveless sea.”

Chapter X. The Business Man in the Church.

John Mackintosh consecrated his great business gifts to the service of the Church. This did not reduce his efficiency in his own business, and it was of inestimable value to the church officials. The business of the Church was transacted with as much care and thought as that of a director's meeting in his own office. The minister in charge often found to his delight that problems which had cost him many a sleepless night were solved for him, and burdens heavy to be borne were eased from his shoulder by this expert financier. After leaders' and trustees' meetings, the members frequently expressed their astonishment at the ease with which grave difficulties had been overcome. There is a ministry for the business man in the Church. Christian ministers have still to carry burdens of finance from which they should be relieved by men of business; as the Apostles said of old to the members of the early Church, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables."

The readiness with which Mr. Mackintosh dealt with intricate business propositions arose from his habit of preparation for all possible contingencies. He adopted Captain Cuttle's advice, "When found make a note on." He carried in his vest pocket a scrap of paper and a short pencil. It was amusing to note how these were produced at all sorts of odd times—in the street, in church, in the middle of a sermon, in the dining-room or on the way to the table.

If an idea was suggested to his mind at any time or in any place, out would come the inevitable pencil and paper, and a sufficient record would be made in his own style of abbreviated long-hand ; then at the opportune moment the slips of paper would be produced, and would be found to contain a veritable treasury of helpful suggestions.

When a social gathering was arranged for the evening, it was found that the pencil and paper had been made good use of during the day. He would keep the interest sustained from the beginning ; there was never a dull moment, nor any of those chilly intervals during which people freeze and all life goes out of the proceedings. His slips of paper contained a list of the most suitable parlour games, which he not only suggested but entered into with a zest that was infectious. Reserve soon melted in such a genial atmosphere, cares were forgotten, weary faces lighted up with smiles, and hard, grim people, who seldom allowed themselves the luxury of a hearty laugh, found themselves joining in the fun. Old people renewed their youth, and young people never complained that the proceedings were "slow."

The good business man hates debt as he does the Devil. He knows too well what it means to have the worry and anxiety of loans and overdrafts, and when he enters the councils of the church he brings his business habits with him. When John Mackintosh became fully acquainted with the church's finance, he determined that "Queen's Road" should be freed from financial burdens. The way opened for the realisation of his vision when the Great War was over. He was filled with thankfulness for the spared lives of his two sons ; the eldest had served in

the Navy, and the second son in the Army, the youngest being a boy at school. Though the younger son had been badly wounded and had lost his leg, still he had come home, and many other of the "Queen's Road" boys had returned in safety. He therefore laid his plans before the leaders and the trustees. It was to be a memorial to the fallen, and an expression of gratitude to the "Giver of all good" for those whose lives had been spared. Those who had made the great sacrifice had made victory possible; their glory must never fade, nor their sacrifices be forgotten. Mr. Mackintosh undertook to collect £950, the amount of the mortgage still on the Queen's Road estate, from personal friends of his; then when the church was free of debt he would invest the sum of £1,000 in the name of the trustees, the interest of which would be available for church maintenance. He also asked the church to raise the sum of £300 for various purposes, in order that all might share in the effort, because, as he said, he did not want any "one man show." All his schemes for the church were arranged along these lines, so that the humblest member might have the satisfaction of being a fellow-worker in so good a cause.

That a man burdened with the cares of a vast business, and whose health was far from satisfactory, should undertake to collect nearly one thousand pounds filled all present with astonishment. They gladly and with enthusiasm accepted the wonderful offer, and with their hearty co-operation the scheme was successfully carried through. The church was freed from debt, and its finances were put into such a healthy condition, that, with wise administration, the trustees in the future will always be able to meet their obligations.

The two letters that follow sufficiently indicate the method Mr. Mackintosh adopted to remove the debt; the other one thousand pounds to be invested he, of course, found out of his own pocket. The first letter is addressed to a personal friend, a citizen of Halifax, greatly esteemed by his fellow-townsmen, and on many occasions he co-operated with Mr. Mackintosh in various financial enterprises in aid of the churches they represented.

"Dear Mr. —

26th November, 1918.

For many years I have been helping churches, here, there and everywhere, financially and in other ways. This help has taken me away at times from my own church, but I have gone on the principle of helping wherever I could, according to my ability.

"For some years I have thought I would try, one of these days, to put the finances of my church and Sunday school on a more satisfactory footing. The struggle every year to keep straight is considerable. We have a debt of £950 on the estate, and apart from this, our income is not sufficient to meet the expenditure; and now things are so dear on every hand it is becoming even more difficult to keep straight.

"Whilst my health is rather better, I feel it laid upon me to try and carry through a scheme that has long been on my mind. I feel sure that with the help of some of my very good friends I can succeed.

"I have mentioned this matter to some of my friends, and have received promises of substantial help, as you will see from the booklet enclosed.

"I wonder if you could see your way to help me? This will be the last big scheme of this kind I shall be connected with in all probability, and I would dearly like to carry it through successfully. My health will not permit me to canvass for a big lot of small subscriptions, so I am, at present at any rate, confining myself to friends who may feel disposed to help as substantially as they are justified in doing. I know, like myself, you are pulled at on every side, but when one has helped others one does feel rather braver in asking for one's own church.

"Please let the personal side come into this matter. It is a sincere wish of mine to carry this through to a successful issue, so that I can feel that whilst I have been helping others I have not neglected the church and Sunday school with which I have been associated from boyhood's days."

The second letter is to an old "Queen's Road" boy, who is now a prosperous business man in Saskatchewan, Canada.

" Dear Friend,

29th January, 1919.

How are you and yours getting on in these war days? I have no doubt you have felt their influence like all of us. My eldest son is just back from the Navy and commences business to-morrow. My second son lost a leg in the war and was taken a prisoner to Germany; he is now back. He has an artificial limb, and walks well considering the circumstances. Of course he is maimed for life, but his general health is good, and so are his spirits, and we can see all around us many men much worse maimed than he, so we try to be thankful it is no worse.

" At ' Queen's Road Church ' we have had a pretty clean sweep of the boys, but they are now dribbling back one by one. Alas! some will never return again. Several have wounds of one kind or another, but on the whole we think we have been rather fortunate compared with others.

" We have been wondering how we could celebrate their return home and perpetuate the memory of those who have been killed in the war. I suggested to the friends a scheme, and they are all joining heartily in the effort, and that is to clear off the final debt on the estate, and also get rid of some other little debts here and there. When this is done I have promised to invest £1,000 in the name of the trustees which will bring in £50 per annum. To be free from debt and have a small endowment will be a great thing for the leaders and trustees of ' Queen's Road ' after forty-five years of debt. Every friend of ' Queen's Road ' is being asked to help, and at a meeting the other evening I was desired to write you. You will remember, I have no doubt, the old days at ' Queen's Road.' A lot has happened since then, but the memory of the old days refuses to be blotted out.

" This scheme is something which has been in my mind for many years, and is not a jumped up affair. The time of doing it, however, has been decided rather suddenly. This was brought about by a feeling of thankfulness that our boys had come through so well. I knew that there were many people at our church who are just as grateful to have their boys back home as I am, and I thought if we all joined together we could have a real time of rejoicing, but the idea of the debt clearance and other things originated quite naturally in the days when we were struggling with a far larger debt than now. I always vowed, if I had health and strength, the day would come when it would be lifted if I had my way."

He had his way ; the effort was completed, and a yearly deficit of £45 in the finances of the church was turned into a surplus of £50. It was splendid business as far as "Queen's Road" was concerned, and a noble memorial for the soldier sons of the church. How much better than any monument of brass or marble was this clearing away of the incubus of debt, and the safeguarding of the future of the church, which was dear to the hearts of these young soldiers and sailors as their spiritual home.

It was truly a red-letter day in their lives and in the history of the church, when the war was over and the great meeting was held in the School-room to bid them Welcome Home, and to accept on behalf of the church, as a memorial to their valour and sacrifices, the extinction of the old debt and the endowment given by Mr. Mackintosh.

The splendid service he had thus rendered was fittingly acknowledged at a meeting of the church held in October 1919, when an illuminated address was presented to him by Dr. Clemens, in the name of the church. It was a pleasant surprise to Mr. Mackintosh, for the secret had been well kept, and he had been asked to assist in certain matters to be decided in regard to the musical service of the church. He laughingly accused his friends of bringing him there under false pretences. The terms of the address are as given below :—

" Queen's Road United Methodist Church,
Halifax,

To Councillor John Mackintosh, J.P.

" We, the trustees of the above church, and representatives of our whole congregation, desire to express heartiest thanks to you for the special

services you have rendered the church in the recent great scheme for relieving and helping the estate.

“Remembering past years and the amount of debt with which our people have had to grapple, and considering our present very different circumstances, we are filled with thankful wonder, and above all give God the praise.

“It is clear, however, that but for the part you have played in both the initiation and the completion of the scheme, its accomplishment would have been impossible. Through your personal influence and the example of your own generosity, some dozen friends have liberally contributed the splendid sum whereby the old trust debt has been extinguished. It was the same influence and example also that evoked a willing response from our congregation in general, to the appeal that they should carry the effort still further. They have thus raised the additional amount required for present and future needs. We are filled with gratitude, that altogether a sum of over £2,200 has resulted from the project you originated.

“In all this you have only been true to an early devotion to Queen’s Road Church and Sunday school. That devotion you learnt from your father and mother, who were honoured members of our society, and happily it is fully shared by all their family. You yourself have frequently testified to the blessings gained from your long association with the church of Christ.

“We, on our part, have watched with pleasure your growing influence in the affairs of the town, and your prosperity in your business undertakings. It is a joy to see, that through all the strenuous years, your attachment to the church of your childhood has remained steadfast and unaltered.

May the blessing of God abide upon you, your good wife and all your family, as also upon those who have co-operated with you in this happy and memorable undertaking." (Signed by Dr. Clemens and eighteen leading members of Queen's Road Church.)

When Mr. Mackintosh rose to reply, after the address had been presented to him, he was profoundly moved. Nothing touched him so deeply, nor brought him such sincere pleasure, as the hearty appreciation of his fellow church workers. In his reply he referred to the portraits of Mr. Joseph Seed and his mother which hang on the walls of the Sunday school, and said that now he had scarcely a wish left ungratified; if he could desire anything further, it would be that his portrait might occupy a similar position in the school. That wish has speedily been fulfilled, for since his death a fine portrait in oils was presented to the school authorities by the family.

*" Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were
still;
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good."*
Whittier.

When Michael Angelo saw a figure drawn by one of his students whose style was cramped and timid, he took a pencil and drew the figure in bold lines greatly enlarged, and wrote beneath the word "Amplius." The work of some men is good, but it is cramped and narrow; they become parochial, and their sympathies are limited to their own little circle of domestic, religious or business life.

John Mackintosh could not be content with a narrow outlook and cramped and limited activities. His first work was naturally at "Queen's Road," for he had grown up in the church and with the church; but he speedily extended his sympathies to other churches with entire disregard for denominational distinctions. Nor did his native town absorb all his energies, for he soon made his influence felt in the wider sphere of Church service. He was early recognised as a "Connexional Man," and when he was twenty-five years old he was elected a delegate from "Queen's Road" to the Conference of 1893. In the course of time he became a familiar figure in these Church parliaments in the Methodist New Connexion, and after the union had taken place, in the United Methodist Church. In all,

he attended twelve annual conferences officially, six of them in the section of Methodism to which he belonged before the union.

He was also a delegate to the historic "Uniting Conference" in the year 1907, which was held in John Wesley's fine old chapel "City Road," the Mecca of Methodism. At this memorable Conference the three Methodist churches, the Methodist New Connexion, the Bible Christian Methodist and the Methodist Free Church were amalgamated to form the United Methodist Church. Those who were present will never forget the scene when the uniting resolution was put before the Conference by the President. All opposition was withdrawn, and the resolution was passed without a dissentient voice or a discordant note. It was a moment of intense feeling; a wave of emotion swept over the vast assembly, and found expression in the fervent singing of the Doxology, which is the apotheosis of praise.

The business of Methodism, like that of the Houses of Parliament, is chiefly done in the various committees,—the chamber for debate, the committee-room for work. It was inevitable that John Mackintosh should be frequently elected to serve on different connexional committees. He was a member of the Young People's and Temperance Committee, and of the Chapel Committee, which deals with trust estates and with efforts to free them from debt. He was appointed on the Book-room Committee, which is responsible for a large book business, the issue of magazines, connexional newspaper, &c; and the same year he was elected a trustee of the Beneficent Fund, which is for the sustenance of aged ministers and their wives, and the widows of ministers. He continued his committee work in the United Methodist Church, serving on the



Street in Chao Tong, showing Chapel erected by Mr. Mackintosh.

Chapel Committee, the Foreign Missionary Committee, and the Home Missionary Committee.

He was an enthusiastic supporter of Foreign Missions, his gifts increasing as his power to give increased, and as his knowledge of the work extended. Naturally a man of this type was frequently found in the chair at missionary meetings, and his presence and earnest advocacy of the cause of missions always stimulated the interest of the workers. Many successful collectors for missions received their first impulse to engage in the work through his tempting offers of "Talent Money." This money was the "talent" which was to be put to good use in the service of the Master. He would offer forty shillings to forty collectors on the condition that they traded with the money and gave the proceeds to the missions. In Halifax the forty shillings produced over forty pounds. He also took a leading part in establishing a "Business Men's Missionary Society" in the Halifax District, the object of which was to interest business men in the work of Foreign Missions.

At the Manchester Conference of 1911 a huge deficit was reported on the Foreign Mission Account, amounting to £25,580. The co-ordination of the varying methods of missionary finance in the three sections of Methodism now united had not yet been completed. Possibly, also, the belief that great economies would be effected by the amalgamation of the three branches of missionary work may have resulted in a relaxing of effort. However, the deficit had occurred; the figures were staggering, and prompt action was imperative. But what action? Retrenchment? Must missionaries be recalled and the sphere of operations curtailed? Must mission stations full of promise be abandoned?

To such men the failure of God's work is as great a calamity as the failure of their own business, and there was a cloud over the Conference, and sadness in every heart. Then John Mackintosh stepped quietly from his pew into the aisle and began to speak in his practical, hopeful fashion. The delegates at first listened very quietly, but at length he touched the right chord. Here was no suggestion of withdrawal, but a determined attack on the difficulties that confronted them, and his address was punctuated with loud applause. The tension was relieved, the hour had come, and the man. He advocated the organising of a Missionary Exhibition and Bazaar in each District. Two objects should be sought ; first, the fuller education of the people in the work of the missionaries ; and secondly, the sweeping away of the mission debt. He offered to devote time and energy to the accomplishment of this object, and where desired, to organise the District efforts ; an offer which the Conference immediately and gratefully accepted. Knowing the type of man from whom the proposals had emanated, the connexional officials felt that a great burden had been lifted from their shoulders, and that the result would justify their bright expectations. The speech changed the whole atmosphere, and put a silver lining to the cloud that was overshadowing the missionary efforts of the Connexion.

Resolutions were promptly passed expressing hearty approval of the scheme, and urging all ministers and friends of missions to give it their earnest support. There was no more talk of giving up mission stations ; the situation was saved by the courage and the business ability of one man. This work afterwards made great demands on Mr. Mackintosh's time and strength,

and accentuated his physical weakness, but his indomitable spirit ultimately triumphed. Not one of these District efforts failed, and the good results were soon apparent. A year later at the Hanley Conference there were resolutions of thanks passed to the Districts for heartily working the scheme, and to Mr. Mackintosh for his able leadership.

At the Halifax Conference of 1913, a year later, further progress was reported, and an offer of £1,000 was made by an anonymous friend living at Redruth, in Cornwall, on condition that the entire debt was swept away by the time of the next Conference, which was to be held in Redruth the following year. This proved to be the spark which kindled the holy fire. The immediate response by the delegates was magnificent, and visitors and local residents joined in generous rivalry of sacrifice, with the wonderful result that no less a sum than £9,000 was raised in a few hours. Mr. Mackintosh gave largely to this effort. Such devotion could have but one sequel. When the Conference of 1914 assembled at Redruth, the generous donor of the £1,000 was dead ; but he had ensured that his gracious design should be fully carried out, and the whole of the debt had been swept away. The Foreign Secretary gratefully acknowledged the wise and valuable assistance rendered throughout by Mr. Mackintosh :—"At a time," said he, "when others were full of forebodings, Mr. Mackintosh was able to see the light of hope."

An old chapel at Chao Tong, which was built in 1894 with money collected by the girls of Edgehill College, Bideford, had become too small for the purposes of the Mission. An excellent site had been purchased, but, on the lowest estimate, in addition to all that the Chinese them-

selves could contribute, a sum of £350 would be required. The missionary debt had not then been removed and the Conference felt that they could not grant even this small amount towards the new chapel. All that could be done was to declare that a gift of £100 for work in Yunnan might be devoted to the purpose, and the missionaries on furlough were at liberty to make special appeals for this cause. But when the Halifax Conference of 1913 arrived, little had been done. In the glow of missionary enthusiasm aroused by the effort to sweep off the missionary debt, Mr. Mackintosh remembered the claims of Chao Tong. After consultation with Mrs. Mackintosh, who always warmly supported his generous impulses, he offered to provide the £250 needed in order to build the long desired sanctuary.

Three years later, on September 16th, 1916, the new church was opened. About one hundred Miao aborigines came in to be present at the services. There were also representatives of the Nosu churches, the Kopu churches and other outstations. The city mandarin honoured the occasion with his presence. The heads of schools, business guilds, military and police were also present and expressed their congratulations, some sending scrolls and crackers in honour of the event.

The proceedings began with a prayer meeting at 7 a.m. At noon the doors were opened formally for the first time, and a packed meeting was addressed by two missionaries and a university trained son of the Mission. In the evening six hundred people sat down to dinner, provided in part through the generosity of Mr. Mackintosh.

"It is a pleasure to speak in the chapel," said the Rev. F. J. Dymond, the senior pioneer missionary on the spot. "Its accoustic properties are

perfect ; by throwing open the large windows we can get good ventilation ; the seats are comfortable, and I question whether the United Methodist Church ever got better value for its money."

Labour is cheap in Yunnan and materials are readily available ; most of the church buildings on this field have been erected at little or no cost to the mission. The labour is the gift of the converts, the bricks are baked, or the timber felled, in the neighbourhood of the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh derived much pleasure from the fact that their names were associated in the minds of the Yunnanese native Christians with a mission church in the city of Chao Tong. Mackintosh is a difficult word for the natives to pronounce, but the first two letters are manageable. 'Mr. Ma' is what they call him, and a tablet on the front of their city chapel, the headquarters of 'the most remote circuit in the United Methodist Church,' records the fact that it was largely through the beneficence of 'Mr. Ma' that the church was erected.

When the Conference Missionary Meeting was held on July 14th, 1920, in 'City Road,' London, the great historic church was thronged in every part. On the platform were the missionaries newly arrived on furlough and others who were about to leave for the foreign field. There was also a Chinese representative in native costume, from distant Yunnan, and with her the lady missionary who had led her into the light. John Mackintosh, who should have presided, had passed on to the higher service, and in his stead his brother, the Rev. James E. Mackintosh, officiated, the first minister of his church to take the chair at a Conference Missionary Meeting. Some time before his death John

Mackintosh had been asked to take this position and he had gladly accepted the honour. Then the Master's call was heard 'Friend come up higher,' and at the request of the family, cordially endorsed by the Missionary Committee, his beloved brother James accepted the position of chairman.

"I stand here," said the Chairman, "in the place and as the representative of another. Had God willed otherwise, my brother, and not I, would be your chairman to-night. I need not say how happy this would have made me. His passing has been to me a keen personal loss ; it has been a sad loss to his family and to the church of which he was a member, and to that wider circle represented by the circuit of which he was an official, and to the Connexion. His usefulness had been checked by increasing physical disability. That he faced his difficulties as he did, that he went out and devoted himself to so many forms of service, showed the courage and faith that were in him. But what he did was only a small part of what he had it in his heart to do ; and much of it was done under the very shadow of death. How many times he entered the dark valley to emerge once more on the earthward side, I know not, but the knowledge of the struggle, and of how costly a thing life was to him, helped to reconcile his friends to his passing."

"The relation in which I personally stand to the intended chairman of this meeting, leads me to think of that other relation which exists between the church, visible and militant, to which you and I belong, and that other church triumphant ; which yet is not another ; to which we shall one day belong, and to which those already belong who have gone from us by the will of

God. We mourn their loss and remove their names from our church rolls, but be it remembered that the true church never yet lost any by death! The church visible and invisible is one—the church militant and triumphant. Death interrupts the earthly communion: it removes none from the sheltering care of Christ.”

“We are apt to think that the issues for the Kingdom of God are determined down here; that victory or defeat will result from what we and our fellow believers, do or fail to do. Is that so very certain? The Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom. Its subjects are all who have ever known the Lord. We who serve down here are but a negligible minority of those who do serve. All the triumphs of grace through all the ages endure. All the souls in whom Christ has triumphed are his to-day and are on his side. Down here ‘moth and rust consume’ and ‘thieves break through and steal.’ It is not so up yonder, where the Lord keeps watch over his own.”

Such was the meeting, and such the message through which John Mackintosh, being dead, yet spoke.

Mr. Mackintosh's organizing genius naturally fitted him to be a "Bazaar Expert," and he was recognised as such. He gave himself to this work without reserve, and everywhere achieved success ; but he laid no claim to originality in his methods. "I always work," said he, "on the same lines as my friend Mr. Sherratt of Lytham. It is really his scheme."

But the knowledge of human nature revealed in the carrying out of the scheme was altogether his own, and it is this that makes his instructions to bazaar workers of such perennial interest. He also knew the value of personal leadership, and he travelled thousands of miles in order that he might meet the workers face to face and cheer them by his presence. Even when physical weakness made him a prisoner in the sick room, he would write lengthy letters full of wise suggestions, which inspired the church workers and showed them clearly the road to success.

Here is such a letter :—

"You know the old style of working for a bazaar. The ladies of a church band themselves together and begin to sew, making pillow-slips, spending hours stitching and sewing, and at the end selling what they have made for a profit of fourpence each article. That is the good old-fashioned way of raising money ; the coppers creep up into shillings, the shillings into pounds, and after months of hard work quite a nice sum of money is got together. I do not suggest that it is not a good way of raising money. I say,



Opening Ceremony in the Chinese Chapel.

if you can only earn fourpence a time, by all means continue to do so ; but if you can get the whole pillow-slip given by adopting this new scheme, that would be better than spending time and energy in earning fourpence."

But how to get the whole pillow-slip given was a difficult proposition to most people. Mr. Mackintosh said that the cause of failure was indefiniteness.

"I meet my friend in the street, and after the usual greeting I say, 'Oh, Mr. Brown, we are going to have a bazaar at our school. Will you give me something for my wife's stall?' Mr. Brown has heard this kind of story so many times before that he is rather sick of it, and before I have well asked my question he is saying, 'Please excuse me this time. You are a worthy lot, and all the rest of it, but, &c., &c., &c.' My mistake is my indefiniteness. Had I said, 'Will you give me just one article for our bazaar?' the probability is that he would have gladly responded. This is the main point of the scheme. Ask every time for just one article. This makes it easy for the person approached to say, 'Yes.' The appeal is so moderate. Whereas ninety out of a hundred refuse when asked for 'Something,' ninety out of a hundred will readily promise when asked for one article. And you can take it for granted, from the experience gained in connection with two hundred and fifty bazaars already worked by this scheme, that ninety-five persons out of a hundred who are asked for 'just one article' will provide it, and that sixty per cent. of the promises made for 'one article' will at the finish produce a parcel.

"A gentleman in Birmingham had a truck-load of potatoes given ; another in Manchester had a load of coal ; a third a live pig ; others

butter, eggs, &c. Everyone should be asked for an article ; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the milkman, the grocer ; personal friends and acquaintances, fellow-workmen in shops and factories, and by all means friends in other towns and distant countries. At a bazaar held in Halifax, Yorks., goods came from Australia, South Africa, Canada, Germany, Belgium and India.

“ Many persons attending the same church will be asking people whom others have already approached. Whenever this is the case, instead of feeling disappointed, always be careful to express your grateful thanks to the person to whom you have applied. It is all the same whoever has received a promise to help so long as it has been made, and if each person is careful to express thanks, even though the promise was made to another member of the church, the person approached, instead of being annoyed by being asked a second time, will say : ‘ What nice people these are ? They are full of gratitude and good nature.’ ”

“ It sometimes happens that when a person writes to a friend asking for an article that no reply is received, but don’t take no reply as a refusal. If you do you will make a great mistake. A month before the opening of your bazaar write a reminder to all, including those who did not reply. You will find that many of them intend to help you, and their failure to reply is often an oversight ; for how many of us are guilty of neglecting to reply to our friends’ letters ? ”

He saw all round the subject, the inside and the outside of it ; and he made every allowance for the failings of human nature, generously claiming to be guilty of like faults to those he

discovered in others. Any one familiar with his style would recognise the above quotations as genuine even without his signature. They are so characteristic of the man. He foresaw all possible difficulties, and turned them aside with a jest. The church workers who are wise enough to follow his instructions will find that their success is greater than their most sanguine hopes, and, in addition, they will win the pleasant verdict, "What nice people these are? They are full of gratitude and good nature."

Bazaars are often condemned, and the promoters come in for severe criticism, but in justice it must be admitted that there has never yet been devised anything to equal them as a means of raising money. But doubtless, the last day may be in more than one sense the best day. Here is one of Mr. Mackintosh's stories with the usual grace of humour. "A boy was apprenticed to a country grocer, who also had a drapery department on the other side of his shop. It is a convenience in a village to be able to supply all one's needs at the same shop. After the boy had been there a week, the shopkeeper thought he would like to know whether the boy was fitted to become a grocer or a draper, so he said, 'My lad, which part of the business do you like best?' To which the boy made the truthful but unexpected reply, 'Putting the shutters up.' " And it is a very delightful part of the business of bazaars when you have reached your goal.

When undertaking the organising of a bazaar, Mr. Mackintosh advised the workers to call a meeting and to arouse curiosity by hinting at something that would take place, but not making it clear what it would be, except that it would be in the nature of a surprise. At the meeting, "Have a number of collecting books ready,

and in addition to the books, pencils should be provided ; and be sure to have them sharpened, as some people make excuses so easily, and their excuse for not helping might be that they had no pencil, or if they had a pencil it had got no point ! You can buy these pencils very cheap now a days."

It was no wonder that he was successful as a "Bazaar Expert," for he foresaw and provided for all difficulties, and he never asked others to do what he was not prepared to do himself. When some British officers on board Sir Francis Drake's ship wanted only to give orders and then watch the seamen labour, Drake brusquely informed them, "I must have the gentlemen to haul and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentlemen. I would like to know him that would refuse to set his hand to a rope."

Mr. Mackintosh found willing crews because he never refused "to set his hand to a rope." He was built for big enterprises, for he had a big brain and a big heart, and was the head of a big business. He travelled thousands of miles to serve the Church with his special gifts in this department ; and when the workers saw him at their meetings and listened to his careful explanation of the working of his scheme, and then reflected that he was one of the busiest men in the busy industrial town of Halifax, and that he had travelled so far in order to put his business genius at their disposal, they were won before he formulated his plans. Other business men caught the glow of his enthusiasm and followed his lead with a will, and "The gentlemen drew with the mariner and the mariner with the gentlemen, and every man set his hand to a rope."

Churches were led to attempt, and helped to achieve, greater things than they would have

thought possible, apart from the encouragement he gave them. Amongst his papers were many letters of thanks from bazaar workers. One from Dudley, 17th October, 1910, contains the following passage :—

“Our bazaar exceeded our brightest expectations. Total, £1,250. We owe very much to you for having introduced your scheme.”

Another dated from Berry Brow, near Huddersfield, Dec. 16th, 1911, reports £1,040 raised, and states that left to themselves they would scarcely have hoped to raise £300, and the good done was not all financial :—

“The business meetings have been love-feasts ; the unity, good feeling, and give-and-take spirit which have prevailed have been a delightful feature throughout.”

And again :—

“Many thanks for your splendid services to ‘Salem.’ May time and strength be given you to do for others what you have done so wisely and so well for us.”

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

So sang Tennyson, and the sentiment has been regarded as merely a poet's fancy. It is the simple truth! Bare unvarnished fact! There is no nobility divorced from a noble heart; there is no greatness apart from goodness! These are axioms as true as any in Euclid.

The elements of true greatness are found in men of all classes, professions and trades; who have received no patent of nobility and require none; men who would not stoop to a mean action to save their lives; men of honour, truth and uprightness, like Job, "fearing God and eschewing evil." They are Nature's aristocracy, whose nobility is their own achievement.

However engrossing the affairs of his business might be, Mr. Mackintosh,

"Turned to dearer matters,
Dear to the man who is dear to God;
How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor;
How gain in life as life advances
Valour and charity more and more."

Even the members of his own family were not fully acquainted with the extent of his bounty to those less fortunate than himself. He kept a private pension list, which contained the names of aged men and women whose circumstances he had investigated, and to whom he paid a weekly allowance. It was not enough that they were

receiving Old Age Pensions. Merely to be able to live he regarded as a poor return for a life spent in useful, industrious service. Old people need little comforts with which young people can easily dispense, and these small additions to the weekly income, which made all the difference between barely living and living happily, were unostentatiously provided. The minister at "Queen's Road" was taken into his confidence, for the minister in the course of pastoral visitation gets to know the circumstances of all the aged poor. As the minister and Mr. Mackintosh were passing along one of the streets of Halifax in the latter's car, he asked suddenly, when opposite a small house with a neatly kept garden in front—

"What is 'Old John's' income?"

"Let me see," replied the minister; "he has seven shillings and sixpence a week from his Old Age Pension, and he reckons that he makes about nine shillings a week from his fowls."

"Hen keeping is an uncertain source of income," said Mr. Mackintosh; "has he anything else?"

"No, except that the house he lives in is his own."

"I know that," was the answer; "John was always thrifty and industrious. Who looks after him now his wife is dead?"

"His niece."

"Another mouth to fill. John must go on my list; he shall have a little more comfort and a little less anxiety."

The following week John had a delightful surprise, for he found that his income was increased by ten shillings per week. The old man's face beamed with joy, and though he was not informed to whom he owed this good fortune,

he knew nevertheless. There were not two men in Halifax, he was sure, who took sufficient interest in him to do so gracious a deed on his behalf. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is as true ethically as botanically.

It is difficult to give any account of such gracious deeds without spoiling them and robbing them of all their charm. They are choice fruits of the "Tree of Life," which lose their bloom by even the most careful handling. We have given "Old John's" story in order to show the quiet and effective manner in which such benefits were conferred. Mr. Mackintosh was careful to observe the Maker's injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Lying on my desk are letters filled with expressions of gratitude for various acts of kindness received. A sick man, with but a small income, has been enabled to spend a few days at the sea-side, and has returned home a healthier and a happier man. A widow, whose son has taken his degree at London University by sheer grit and hard study, wants the world to know that Mr. Mackintosh not only bought her son's cap and gown, but paid her fare to London that she might witness her son's triumph when the honour he had won was conferred upon him. A minister of the Gospel, whose son is a professor in an Indian College, relates a conversation which his wife had with a sister of Mr. Mackintosh. When this sister learned that Indian youths of promise, who were without means, could be educated at the College when their fees were sent from England, she immediately became responsible for the education of one young Indian, and when she related the conversation to her brother, he promptly accepted responsibility for two others.

He had also a working arrangement with

the minister, so that whenever cases of special need arose immediate relief should be given. All such bills were paid with alacrity, and not only so, but the minister was made to feel that he had conferred a favour on the generous donor as well as on the needy recipient.

A youth back from the war with impaired health, after a few weeks' rest went to do the heavy work to which he was formerly accustomed. He refused to acknowledge his weakness; but the task was beyond his strength, and he returned home to his mother, in whose arms he died. He was very brave and never complained. The minister called twice a week, and everything that could ease his passage to the grave was done for him. Little comforts and luxuries were obtained for him; anything that his sick mind could think of or desire was bought, and the boy passed away with gratitude and love in his heart towards his unknown benefactor.

Nor did even the minister of “Queen’s Road” know all, but he frequently discovered when making enquiries with a view to rendering assistance that Mr. Mackintosh had anticipated him, and had secured another pensioner for his list. The cheerfulness of some old widow with inadequate means, and the brightness and comfort of her home, were often the only indications of a charity that never failed and that was as secret as it was wise.

“Aye,” said they in their native Doric, “but he’s a good lad is yon.”

One of his last gifts to the United Methodist Church was £1,000 to increase the pensions of aged ministers or their widows.

A little girl, an only child, who was the light and pride of her father’s life, had passed away. Mr. Mackintosh was in Harrogate at the time

when the news reached him, but by return of post the father received a letter full of tender sympathy. A short time afterwards the father called at the office on business, and was observed by Mr. Mackintosh from his private room. He beckoned the gentleman in, and covering up all papers on his table as an indication that business was put aside, he gave orders that in the meantime he must not be disturbed for any cause whatever. Then with that wonderful power of his to enter into the experiences of others, he went into the darkness of the sorrowing father's life and sought to help him towards the light. He was sure there was light somewhere, if they only knew where to look. There is but one source of light for such darkened lives ; to it they both turned, and the office became a sanctuary where two men, one broken-hearted with irretrievable loss, the other with him plumbing the depths. " Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord ! "

Such a scene requires no comment, but it serves as a vignette of a beautiful character, and it reveals a wonderful power to " weep with those who weep." Nothing in the experience of the bereaved father during that sorrowful period of his life brought him such comfort as the prayer in the office of the man who

" Could cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it giving half to him."

"I am a moderate man and can 'live and let live, looking for the best and not the worst in everyone.'—J.M.

Halifax has been singularly happy in being the mother of men with a genius for business, who became the architects of their own fortunes, and then lavished their wealth in providing charitable institutions for their native town. Sir Francis Crossley, the head of the great carpet industry which made Halifax famous in the last century, with his brothers John and Joseph, were a triumvirate of whom any community would be proud, and their wise benefactions have blessed thousands of the citizens of Halifax.

There was also Colonel Edward Akroyd, whose father, like the father of John Mackintosh, was a member of Salem.

John Mackintosh was a man of like type. His gifts to local charitable institutions were large, and ever increasing in magnitude, and had his life been prolonged these would have continued. But doubtless the trying experiences of his early business life sapped his health, and to the fearful strain of this period we must attribute his comparatively early death. He packed so much into the fifty-two years allotted him, that it might be said of him in the words of Eliphaz the Temanite, that, 'He came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.' A man's age is

not to be fixed by the calendar, for empty years do not count ;—

“ A life of nothing’s nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere the birth
To that last nothing under earth.”

There is little doubt that had Mr. Mackintosh aspired to Parliamentary honours he could have risen to a high position in political life. Not that he possessed any showy qualities, but because of his clear, wide vision combined with practical efficiency. No one would more heartily subscribe to Dr. Clifford’s declaration that “Cleverness is the bane of modern life.” His moderation would not permit him to follow the ‘Nestor of Nonconformity’ in all things, but he was always suspicious of mere cleverness. Nor was he in any sense an opportunist, but referred the solution of any problem to great central principles. However, his time was so fully occupied with his business and the affairs of his church, that a close devotion to politics was out of the question.

It is no secret that the Mayoralty of the town could have been his had his health permitted. In the year 1913, after repeated representations had been made to him by his fellow-townsmen, urging him to enter civic life, he became a member of the Halifax Town Council, being elected for the ward wherein he had lived and worked all his life. One paragraph in his election address, stands out as typical of the man and his direct homeliness :—“ I think I know something of the worries and anxieties of the various classes which make up the residents of the ward, and if I am fortunate in being elected your representative, I shall do my utmost to lessen these worries. Whilst I have my political and religious opinions, I am a moderate man, and can live

and let live,' looking for the best and not the worst, in everyone."

Mr. Mackintosh's knowledge of the geography of the British Isles was almost perfect, his business and philanthropic interests having taken him to all parts of the United Kingdom. As we know he frequently visited America and most Continental countries, and on these tours he had been a keen observer of the life, customs, and methods of government of the various nations with whom he came into contact. In consequence his outlook was wider and his attitude more tolerant, than that of most men, and this was a good equipment for public life.

His own account of his early experiences on a public legislative body is vivid and interesting. At a local gathering he remarked :—

"When I was sent to the Council I felt like a boy who is going to school. I was still in 'Standard I' learning to make pot-hooks. But I do not think I blotted my copy-book very much, chiefly because I have been careful not to do too much. At any rate I am beginning to feel at home, and when one feels at home one wants one's own way, and in committees I have often surprised myself by joining in the arguments. However, I think I am getting on, and may find myself in 'Standard II.' some day."

This is a peep behind the blind that gives us a glimpse of the man's true personality. He was ever perfectly frank with those for whom he was striving, and was not content to lay results before them without explaining how and why those results had been achieved, and he never hesitated to tell them of the personal difficulties he encountered.

He soon won the respect of his fellow councillors and the absolute confidence of his con-

stituency. He was neither strongly Liberal nor Conservative : mere party shibboleths had no attraction for him. The People, spelt with a capital P, and not party, for which in his judgment Roman lettering was sufficient ! How true a test is this of the breadth of a men's mind ! Yet he could not be classed as an "Independent," which is often the label of a mere crank. He was the people's representative, and he would vote for anything brought in by any party which he believed was for the good of the community as a whole.

When he became a magistrate for the Borough of Halifax he arrived at a position which he esteemed very highly. The dominant thought in his mind was how to temper justice with mercy in the cases of those poor unfortunates who, did we but know all, "were more sinned against than sinning." Incidents of his sympathy and tenderness of heart when on the bench were numerous and striking. He was not given to the utterance of witticisms after the manner of some, but he earnestly strove to hold the balance even and to "make the punishment fit the crime." In this he feared lest through an excess of sentimental feeling for the weak, he might be excessively severe towards the strong and guilty. "We have wife-beaters" he wrote ; "I like to give them 'gyp !'" But the child-offender and the aged and decrepit found in him a friend.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

John Mackintosh put these immortal lines of Shakespeare into practice in such a way as to make the guilty hope and the innocent fear not.

On one occasion an old-age pensioner came before him charged with committing a technical error in not declaring a few extra coppers of his income. He was fined two guineas, but on leaving the Court he was met by Mr. Mackintosh, who presented him with the amount of his fine, the solicitor following this good example by foregoing his costs.

At another time some boys were brought before the court charged with playing in the streets. Here was exactly the type of offender whom Mr. Mackintosh could not punish, nor permit others to punish if he could prevent it. He persuaded the magistrates to dismiss the case, "For," said he, "there is no other place for them to play in." A sensible attitude to adopt.

A great number of people of all ages came to him for advice on every conceivable matter, from finance to domestic trouble. One woman came to see him because her neighbour had given her a black-eye, another as to whether she might be permitted to give a similar decoration to her neighbour, because "She went and dropped my baby o' purpose." When such people were questioned as to why they went and told their troubles to Mr. Mackintosh, they replied, "Well, he knows all about us, and he has a kind heart and will help anybody."

In the social life of the town he was known as an ardent supporter of the temperance cause, but he was no more narrow and bigoted in this cause than in any other.

He delighted in the work of the Band of Hope. The movement in Halifax was at one time badly in need of a real leader who could and would lead. Mr. Mackintosh was the ideal man, but it seemed to the general secretary that it was too much to ask from a man on whose

shoulders rested already such tremendous responsibility. However, he was soon relieved from his anxiety, for in answer to his invitation, Mr. Mackintosh replied with his usual directness ;—“ I would rather be President of the Band of Hope than Mayor of Halifax.”

“ I have friends,” said he, “ in every walk of life, and amongst them many who are not total abstainers. There are brewers and hotel proprietors I very much respect. I am bound to because of their kindness of heart. But these friendships do not prevent me doing all I can for the cause of temperance. I never believe, however, that you can make a man a teetotaller by knocking a glass of beer out of his hands. If one tried this one would probably get a knock back and deserve it.”

His great love for children made him favour the Band of Hope in preference to all other temperance movements. Because this organisation appealed to children it appealed to him. He believed in educating children in temperance principles as well as in other matters vital to their well-being ; but he had little sympathy with what he used to call “ street corner oratory.” He did not therefore give much time to appealing to adults on the temperance question, believing that when a man had reached years of discretion he had a right to his own opinions.

When the question of nationalisation of drink arose he took a determined stand against the majority of temperance workers, telling them plainly that they ought to have accepted the proposals. In this his practical common sense was apparent. Realising that half a cake is better than no cake at all, he saw that, with the traffic in the hands of the nation, many of its evils would be done away and half the battle won.

One of his last acts, a few days before his death, was to make over several hundred pounds to the local branch of the Band of Hope Union, in order that his subscription of ten guineas per year might be theirs for all time. He also completed several other schemes which he had long had in mind in regard to his church and his business ; which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems to indicate a premonition that his work was nearly done.

Mr. Mackintosh himself was a life-long abstainer. His mother took him when he was quite a little boy to various temperance meetings, and the impressions made on his young mind were never effaced. Those were the days when the late W. E. Gladstone was the uncrowned king of England, and to him young England looked as a "saviour and commander to the people." At one of these meetings, after hearing of the havoc wrought by excessive drinking, the boy turned to his mother and asked, "Why doesn't Mr. Gladstone stop it?" Unfortunately, older people ask like questions concerning this and other evils, and often blame statesmen for not performing impossible tasks. But when he grew up he was wiser, and he could not be harsh in his judgments, nor extreme in his views on any subject. His attitude as a leader in the temperance cause was always sane, and like *Oliver Twist*, he would take all that was offered and then ask "for a little more." Had such wise counsels prevailed in the past much more would have been accomplished.

He was one of the stalwarts of the movement, but his judgment was unfettered by prejudice. Presiding over a large temperance meeting in Halifax, he clearly distinguished between the use of alcohol as a beverage and as a medicine.

He had no sympathy with the attitude of mind which led some to say that they would sooner die than take alcohol, and he bluntly told the meeting that in the horrible trenches in France his son's life had been saved by the administration of brandy. This statement aroused much heated controversy, to which he showed supreme indifference. His sanity kept him from all kinds of intemperance, whether of thought or speech, as well as in matters of eating and drinking. Extremists injure every cause they advocate.

A remarkable gathering was held under the presidency of Mr. Mackintosh in connection with the Halifax Band of Hope Union in the Central Hall. The meeting was convened for the purpose of presenting long service diplomas to seventy-seven friends who had been temperance workers for twenty-five years and over. The aggregate number of years of service for the temperance cause, represented by the recipients, was 2,698, and five of them had each a record of half a century or more. Mr. Mackintosh, with characteristic humour, suggested that it was a kind of "Temperance Love-feast."

He never took up any public work which did not present an opportunity of doing good to his fellow-men. Everything he did in his public life he regarded as part of his religion. Whenever his special knowledge would be helpful to any organisation, it was always placed unreservedly at the service of the public. To him no meeting was too small, or too trivial, if through it some good might be achieved. "Nothing in life," said he, "is so small that it can be safely neglected."

When he became a director of the Halifax Equitable Bank and Building Society, he accepted the position because of his gratitude for the help

he had received in the past from this and similar institutions. His first small savings of a few shillings a week were made here. He hoped that as a director he might be able to help others in the same way. In this capacity he did much to encourage thrift in families with small means, and to assist them to rise to positions of greater ease and comfort. But these represent only a small portion of his helpful activities; for he was Vice-President of the Young Men's Christian Association; the Business Men's Club; and the Tradesmen's Benevolent Association and a host of others. It is a matter for wonder how he found time to patronise, and take some part in the business of so many small associations, but he did it nevertheless.

He became a trustee of the Ex-service Men's Association, and he showed a strong interest in the men who had fought, and who were in danger of being forgotten when the glamour of the fighting had passed away. Many others apparently considered that with the cessation of hostilities their responsibility ended for the men who had given up home and business for their country's sake, and in some instances had lost both. As a vice-president of the Y.M.C.A. he came into close contact with the soldiers on leave, and with those who were on duty at home. In the dark days when he knew, as thousands of other parents in the British Empire knew of their sons, simply that he was reported "wounded and missing," his courage and trust in God never failed. He went his way easing his own hurt by cheering other poor souls who suffered a like sad anxiety. Throughout the entire period he made enquiries for the sons of other distressed parents as well as for his own son. Many a sorrow-

ing wife and mother who received his kindly sympathy and assistance in those awful times thanked God for sending John Mackintosh to bring a ray of hope and comfort into their darkened homes. So many were the demands made upon him for information that he had a circular letter printed giving directions to parents of missing soldiers, and teaching them how to make enquiries through the proper official channels.

It afforded him the deepest satisfaction that in these trying times he was able to render generous financial help to the various soldiers' and sailors' funds. The Prince of Wales Relief Fund, The Prisoners of War, and the local "Comforts" funds continually received substantial assistance from him. It was "For England's sake," and he felt that he could not do too much nor give too often, nor too freely, for such a cause.

He encouraged the study of music amongst the young people, and for many years he conducted the musical part of the Sunday School Anniversary at "Queen's Road." There was never a more popular leader, for "he had a way with him," and was able to get the very best out of the children. The anniversaries in which he took this leading part are amongst the most cherished memories of his friends, especially of those who were children under his instruction. He also became president, or patron, of nearly all the brass bands in Halifax, and he promoted the formation of the 'Mackintosh Glee Party' at his own works. They rendered much assistance to the churches and philanthropic institutions of the town, visiting the hospitals, especially during the period when they were crowded with wounded soldiers. This Glee Party still keeps

up its traditions and its numbers. It is a mixed choir of about fifty voices, all the members being associated with the various enterprises of the firm.

He was the friend of all associations for the purpose of fostering healthy out-door games, especially football and cricket. Right up to the end of his life he would attend football matches, and go occasionally to see county cricket, especially that struggle of giants when Yorkshire met Lancashire. For local cricket he rendered inestimable service, patronising dozens of junior clubs, and presenting the "Mackintosh Cup" for competition amongst local amateurs.

Both in public and in private life, he was remarkable for his love of children and his power over them. He had a natural gift of speech to children, and his addresses were so simple that all understood them, and so full of the minute details dear to the heart of a child, that all were interested and instructed.

Children without exception loved him with all the ardour of which their young hearts were capable. He could make up a tale for them on the spur of the moment, and he had a store of little tricks which were a never failing source of amusement. He never went anywhere without a pair of folding scissors in his pocket. He would cut out paper trains, fancy d'oyleys and a variety of other pretty things, thus keeping his youthful audiences amused and interested for hours together. Even in foreign countries he would gather crowds of restless children about him, and though unable to speak a word of their language, maintain their interest all the time they were with him. He had tricks with matches, pennies, and handkerchiefs which earned a

volume of appreciation that would have warmed the heart of any professional entertainer.

He was not an artist, but he had an ever ready pencil, and many were the homely and humorous pictures he drew for his young friends. A great favourite was one which represented a railway station with every detail given, from the advertisement plates on the walls to the inquisitive old woman worrying the station-master. Another scene was the representation of the ever popular seaside, with sands, castles, steamers, yachts, lighthouses and seagulls. Nothing essential to the juvenile imagination was omitted from the picture. He also did conjuring tricks, and hundreds of people, both young and old, have been amused.

These things, though so simple in themselves, reveal a wonderful personality and a fertile brain. He was able to grapple with any problem, whether in his great business or in the children's nursery. His first thought, on returning home after a busy day when his children were young, was for the little people, even before his evening meal and comfortable chair. The shrieks of delight with which he was received nightly in his own family circle, testified to his realisation of the ideals of true parenthood.

In all great decisions Mrs. Mackintosh was first consulted, and instead of restraining his generous impulses she urged him to do all that was in his heart. She acted as a spur rather than a rein on his beneficence, a spur to which he never failed to respond. No man's record who has accomplished much in the world, is complete without reference to some woman, wife,

mother, or sister, and it is largely owing to the good woman, who so bravely and patiently bears her loss at "Greystones" that there is so much that is worthy of remembrance in her husband's life and work. It was her gracious influence that enabled him to thread his way through the maze of public life with an ever cheerful spirit, a clear vision of all that was of real value, and a soul that was untouched by the sordid spirit of the age. His daily prayer was that of the saintly Father of the Church:—"Give me, O Lord, a heart that nothing earthly can drag down."

What Mr. Mackintosh's public duties involved may be partly guessed from the following page taken from his diary representing an ordinary week's public work, apart altogether from his business appointments:—

Sunday—3 p.m. Speak at P.S.A.

6-30 p.m. Special Choir Services,
Church.

Monday—Morning, Court.

4 p.m. Tramways Committee.

6-30 p.m. Baptist Church, Annual
Band of Hope Meeting,
Chairman.

Tuesday—Morning, Court.

3 p.m. Opening Missionary Bazaar,
Sheepbridge.

7-30 p.m. Chairman. Commercial
Travellers' Temperance
Association Meeting.

Wednesday—11 a.m. Waterworks Committee.

3 p.m. Deputation from Y.M.C.A.
to see me at office.

Evening—Council Meeting.

Thursday—Morning, Court.

12 noon. Deputation from King Cross
Band at my office.

5-30 p.m. Preside Cricket Club
Annual Tea and Meeting.

7-30 p.m. Prisoners of War Com-
forts' Fund Meeting.

Friday—10 a.m. Bank Directors' Meeting.

11 a.m. Bank Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Band of Hope Council Meeting.

Saturday—4 p.m. Church, Circuit Quarterly
Meeting, at Ovenden.

7-30 p.m. Jubilee Services at Con-
gregational Church,
Chairman.

"This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men."—Isaac Walton.

"The charm of Mr. Mackintosh is 'Mr. Mackintosh.' He is himself,—that is the secret of his grip, his success, and his power. He has no platform nor public style, but likes a chat with people, and by hints, by bits, by illustrations, the whole thing lives and laughs at you wherever you are."

This appreciation by an ex-president of the 'United Methodist Church,' who is himself something of a platform wizard, admirably sets forth the impression made everywhere by Mr. Mackintosh as a speaker. He was not a platform orator nor did he profess to be, he would often describe himself as a conversationalist and as such he was brilliant, with a racy style full of human kindness. He was endowed with a keen sense of humour—proof of a well balanced mind.

He made a liberal use of good stories and striking incidents to drive home the truths he wished to teach. These were invariably of a homely character, and his most effective illustrations were born of the day's experiences.

Though his manner of speech was so unconventional, it is doubtful if he ever fulfilled any public engagement of which he received notice, without making some kind of preparation. There are busy public men who speak out of a full mind and a ripe experience by the happy art of 'thinking on their feet,' and Mr. Mackintosh was

quite equal to this when the demand was made upon him.

He left behind him a mass of notes on all kinds of subjects, the raw material of addresses delivered on different occasions to all sorts and conditions of men. Practically every phase of public life, and of church and Sunday school work is covered, besides such subjects as temperance, sport, business, &c.

Few people were able to resist the kind of introduction in which he frequently indulged. When paying a return visit he would sometimes admit his inability to remember what he had said on the last occasion, and he would then put his audience in a good humour at once, by adding, "People will be saying when I am announced to speak, 'Mr. Mackintosh is here! God help us!'"

If he felt uncertain how long he ought to speak, he would refer to an incident which occurred at "Queen's Road." It was at a Women's Missionary Auxiliary Meeting, and he was the last speaker. To his question, "How long shall I speak?" the ladies, whose preparations for tea were not complete, replied, "Till the kettle boils." He therefore kept the meeting entertained until a lady, with flushed, smiling face, peeping from behind a door, announced that "tea was ready." Often afterwards, when presiding at public meetings, he would set himself to speak "Till the kettle boils," adding that the other speakers must "keep it boiling."

At a Young People's Service in the same church, over which Mr. Mackintosh presided, he said that his mother, who was a very effective Sunday school teacher, advised the girls in her class to use every opportunity they had to brighten their homes, even if it were only to

purchase a penny-worth of flowers and put them on the table. The following week one of the girls told her that she had bought the flowers and put them on the table before her father came in to dinner.

"And what did father say?" asked Mrs. Mackintosh.

"He said," replied the girl, "Tak' 'em away and put some tommy (food) on."

Mr. Mackintosh with his usual kindly judgment, added—

"I am sure, notwithstanding this apparent rebuff, that the father really appreciated the action."

He then declared that his duty as chairman was simply to put the flowers on the table, and the speakers who followed would provide the 'tommy.'

To illustrate the difficulty of his position on another occasion, he told the audience of a little girl who had been reproved by her auntie, and was in her father's black books, and who said to her mother—

"Mother, when I grow up, shall I have to marry a man like father?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't marry a man like father, shall I be an old maid like auntie?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am in a fix."

He made much effective use of an incident that occurred at "Queen's Road" during the early period of the war. On entering the school one Sunday morning, he was accosted by a boy-scout in full uniform, who inflated his chest, saluted, and standing erect asked proudly, "What has England to fear with such as us about?"

His gentle humour played about life's most trying experiences and softened their effect. At the wedding of his second son, Douglas, he referred to the time when the bridegroom lay a prisoner of war in Germany.

"People came to 'Greystones,' " said he, "to tell me how easy it was to dispense with a leg. Even his fiancée told little fibs, almost going the length of saying that she preferred an artificial foot to a real one. When I am gouty, I almost wish I had one myself."

The following specimen of neat satire is from an election address during the progress of the Halifax Municipal Elections :—

"How to keep down the rates !

"Continue to pay the same weekly wage as before to tramway men and to roadmen.

"Tell the teachers we appreciate their services very highly, but we cannot afford to increase their salary to meet the high cost of living.

"Say to the policemen, 'Continue to protect our lives and property, but you must try and make the old wage do.

"The real question is : 'Is the money wisely and carefully spent?'

"They have low rates in some parts of the U.S.A., and what they get for them are swamps, fires and mosquitoes.

"Good business men are prudent men, not prone to adopt schemes of reckless expenditure for doubtful advantages.

"A question every councillor should put to himself is, 'What would I do if the business were mine?' His reply might then be very definite. 'But since it is not mine, I'll be careful and go slow.' "

It was frequently stated that probably he opened more bazaars than any other of his fellow townsmen. There is much significance in his pertinent remark, made in one of his bazaar addresses :—

“ Some say I make a hobby of bazaar opening. Some make a hobby of refusing.”

He had an ingenious way of replying to objections against bazaars, especially to the complaint that they injure trade :—

“ Do shopkeepers object?” he asked, “ I notice that one hundred and five of them advertise in your handbook. Half the goods on your stalls have come from the shops. The other half also as to the materials from which they are made, and in addition such things as thread, needles, pins and thimbles, have come from them. The goods on the refreshment stall, too, are from the shops, or the ingredients are. ‘The ladies’ dresses—some of which I can see are new—have been furnished by the dress-makers. The tickets, bills, posters, and advertising have found work for someone. No! I do not think the tradesman objects to bazaars!”

Addressing young people at a temperance meeting, he said :—

“ When I was in the ‘Juvenile Choir,’ there was no electric light in Halifax, there were no motor cars, no electric trams, no wireless telegraphy. When you grow up there will, perhaps, be no wars!”

Apothegms for Sunday school teachers.

“ Teachers, say to yourselves a dozen times,

“ When I was a boy, I
Couldn't sit still,
Hated dry sermons,
Did not hate my teacher,
Was neither good nor bad,
But just middling.”

“ Get your lesson up before you read the
‘ Sunday School Chronicle ! ’ ”

“ Don't take offence ! Don't give it ! Don't
expect praise ! Don't be disappointed if you
don't get it ! ”

“ Talk interestingly or don't talk at all.”

“ If you feel cross with a boy, pat him on
the back.”

“ Cultivate a pleasant manner ; you have no
right to be grumpy.”

“ Don't boss around ! There are plenty of
people as good as you in the world ! ”

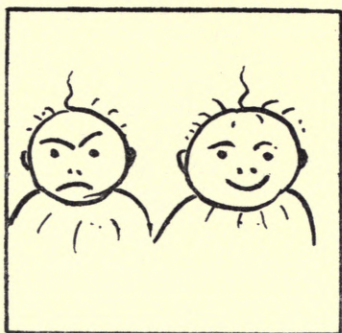
“ Don't feel sorry for yourself.”

“ Make the best of everything ! Think the
best of everybody ! ”

He urged the scholars to,

“ Be cheerful ! Smile when you can and
others will smile upon you.”

To show the narrow margin between gloom
and gladness he would draw two circles on the
black-board. The circles represented two faces.
Two dots in each did duty for eyes, a third dot
served as a nose, a curve with the ends up would
stand for a smile, another curve with the ends
down would represent a frown, thus :—



When the opportunity presented itself he gave good advice to scholars' parents :—

"Parents, keep an eye on your boys and girls,—it will pay you! Fathers, keep to the school after you are married! Mothers, see to it!"

"The Sunday school," said he, "is still the safest place I know of outside home. You never met a man who traced his downfall to the Sunday school."

"Boys and girls," he emphatically declared, "must be protected against the evils of drink. White ants in Africa, armed with gimlets, pincers and saws, used to eat our wooden cases. Now we send our goods in cases that are tin-lined."

He was greatly impressed by the silent revolution effected simply by the growing up of Band of Hope boys and girls.

"When I was a boy," he stated on one occasion, "the evils of intemperance were so apparent, that I thought that one had but to mention reform, even to the point of prohibition, to see its instant adoption. I learnt later that

reforms come slowly. Temperance reforms take as long to effect as it takes to turn Band of Hope children into men and women. But as surely as these boys and girls grow up, so surely are temperance reforms going to be accomplished.

"What has brought about the changes we know of in the drinking customs of our country? The Band of Hope boy of twenty years ago is now a man. He is not taking intoxicants at all. He has become a citizen and is setting a new fashion.

"Years ago the non-drinking man was a curiosity. The teetotal commercial was a good butt for a joke. Hotel and restaurant proprietors resented his principles. His custom was not wanted.

"How different it is to-day! Look around at lunch-time where commercials congregate. Three out of four will have temperance drinks before them.

"When visiting, it is no longer necessary to apologise for not taking wine nor spirits. The host rather apologises for not recognising the fact.

"Temperance principles have considerable commercial value in these days. A man is not now regarded with suspicion because of them. Other things being equal they count in his favour.

"England will gradually sober up if the Band of Hope societies are maintained."

"I love old folks and little children," he would say; "others can look after themselves. I confess that I would rather help to save a boy than rescue the drunkard, though both are good work. I am all for keeping the boy and girl straight. Give us the children up to thirteen years of age



Silver Wedding Day.

and I believe ninety per cent. of them will be safe against a drink spoiled life."

To the objection that Band of Hope children are too young to understand the subjects brought before them, he replied :—" I wish I hated wrong to-day as I did when I was a young lad ! "

The charge of ' childishness ' brought against Band of Hope meetings, called forth this response :—

" It's only a Band of Hope entertainment, ' grown-ups ' say,—a recitation, a song, a dialogue, an address ! How childish ? That is the ' grown-ups ' point of view. The child says, ' Do it again. ' It is the child we must serve. Go back to your simple work. There is a place for the grand concert and the gifted artiste, but your Band of Hope meeting is very, very important to this England of ours. Only let it have the Band of Hope flavour, so that no one can ever attend it and be in doubt as to what it is."

The church to his mind fills a very practical place.

" Recently the minister of my church said, ' Suppose every church-building in the land were suddenly removed, would they be missed ? What would you put in their place ? There would be some splendid sites. You could build on them many things ; picture palaces, dancing halls, billiard saloons, art-galleries, technical schools. Would these be a satisfactory exchange ? '

" He thought not ; and so do I. People ask, ' What has the Church done for the nation ? ' I am always surprised to hear such a question, for any observant person can see for himself. In all sorts of spheres I find men in responsible positions who have got their training in the Church and Sunday schools. I find them in

Brotherhoods, Temperance Societies, in civic office as Mayor or Councillors, on the Magistrates' Bench, and in Labour Organisations. I could take all the time of this meeting and then not exhaust the ramifications of church and school training. The Church has been a great clearing house and has furnished innumerable servants to the British Empire, who are at work now, in church and out, doing the Master's work as they see it."

"The Church owes you nothing?" was his declaration to even the most devoted workers, "You are the gainer by what you have done."

He attributed to the training he received whilst serving in office in the church and Sunday school, his ability in after years to write good business letters, or to draft telling advertisements; and that knowledge of human nature, which qualified him to be a leader of men; and that patience and tact which he showed in dealing with reluctant, or angry people.

"Don't let business or recreation intrude on the Sabbath Day. Let that day find you in the old corner of your pew. Stand by your minister! Keep alive your enthusiasm for God's house, and the old blessings will be yours at the end. Don't let us enjoy the good things that have come to us through association with the church and school, and then in the prime of life, selfishly refuse to provide them for others. If we do this we shall miss the crowning blessing. We are reminded that congregations are not what they were. Why is this? Is it not because our own people do not attend regularly? And what paltry excuses they make? 'The work of the week has been so exhausting that we want to rest on this day.' I know of no rest so helpful as attendance at God's house. The quiet of the

church ; the pleasant word with friends ; home to dinner ; at night again to church, now with fewer children in attendance ; indeed a quiet resting place."

Amongst Mr. Mackintosh's papers there is an outline of an address on "The goodness and severity of God" which well illustrates his direct and homely method of address.

"The goodness of God enjoyed by some persons implies the severity of God if His goodness is abused.

"If we offend against God's laws we must pay the penalty. But God's goodness is shown through it all. He forgives if we seek His forgiveness with a sincere heart, and He continues His friendship all the time we are paying the penalty.

"While I was struggling with this subject a gentleman came into the office and told me that an officer, who had been a prisoner of war and had occupied the next bed to my son was coming to see me.

"The goodness and severity of God at once !

"If men will fight they must suffer ! When they are suffering God says, 'I will surround them with kind people, doctors and nurses. They shall have letters full of tenderness from friends. I will improve their characters. I will give them such a love of home, of parents and friends, as they have never known before.'

"Even when men fight in a good cause they cannot escape suffering. It is the penalty to the world for not having arranged a better way of settling quarrels amongst nations.

"I don't believe the doctrine held by some, that God takes away a child because one loves it too much. If we neglect our children, or

others for whom we are responsible, and they get pneumonia, let us not blame God, even if we were at a prayer-meeting when the mischief was done. God's laws cannot be altered to suit the convenience of any.

"When I did wrong as a boy I did not fear the punishment much, for I had a very gentle mother; but until I knew I was forgiven I was miserable. If the punishment was 'Evening in the house,' instead of games with my boy friends (a big enough punishment in those days), I was not content until mother smiled at me. That smile was enough! She was friends again! What did anything else matter?

"If we can see God smiling on us, what a compensation it is for suffering and anxiety.

"I remember looking at mother from time to time to see if there was the least appearance of a smile. I tried to coax it. I showed her pictures and things likely to provoke it, and when at last it came, it was like the burst of sunshine after a sharp shower that reveals the bow in the sky. The joy that sprang from the fact that mother forgave me almost overpowered me. What promises I made never to offend her again. What a beast I felt I had been to hurt her! Am I romancing? Not a bit of it! After half a life-time, I can remember every sensation I passed through.

"People are apt to think that the severity of God is not admirable, but it is. This world would be a more topsy-turvy place than it is but for that.

"Both the goodness and the severity of God should be kept in mind, and in our teaching we should show the children how both influence our lives. It is pleasanter to talk of God's smile

than of his frown, but we can ignore neither in putting our message before others.

"I would give three-fourths of the teaching-time to the goodness of God and one fourth only to the severity of God. You would never save me by telling me of the awful things that would happen to me if I did not do this, that, or the other. But when you say that 'God gave His Son to die for me,' I am interested at once. I respond. It would be base ingratitude not to do so."

In conclusion here are two characteristic utterances suggestive of the approaching end ;—

"What is the use of being a hundred, if your influence for good is gone?"

"This world seems a very real place at present. It is not so real as the one we are going to! There are more people dead than alive! BUT ARE THEY DEAD?"

I'm certainly not have a
heating apparatus. Those
cheeky little brimmers you
see in the garden are
only laughing at you

and saying "Don't bother
it will soon be warm weather
they are cheeky as I have
said and yet we all
love them.

I am sorry you
are feeling out of the
running just now. I am expecting
you to keep up for I have been
saying to myself "if friend
Butcherly can do so can I?"

"In a man's letters his soul lies naked ; his letters are only the mirrors of his heart."—Johnson.

In private letters we see the writer as he really is, and not as he is often represented or misrepresented. In public life and in business there is more or less of a pose, a certain amount of self-consciousness makes a man consider how he appears in the sight of others, and he acts accordingly. He is like a man facing a camera, and do what he may, it is almost impossible to be easy and natural under such circumstances. But good letters are snap-shots. When a man writes a letter he encloses his portrait whether he intends it or not ; for it is as easy to distinguish the hypocrite from the honest man in his letters, as it is to discover any change of position in his photograph, no matter how cunningly the change was effected. The double face is as clearly seen in the one as in the other.

Most men are more intimate in their private correspondence and reveal the secrets of their hearts more unreservedly, than even in the privacy of their own homes. How often a letter has shown a greater depth of feeling and a richer nature than we imagined our correspondent possessed.

Mr. Mackintosh's letters were delightful ; they were pictures of his home life for his friends as vivid as a cinema, and they were lighted up with his pleasant humour and kindly wisdom. The number of letters that he wrote with his own hand to men and women in all classes of society

was amazing. Soldiers at the front and soldiers' mothers at home, were encouraged and sustained by cheery messages. His tender sympathy for those who were bereaved was always promptly expressed. Nor was anything too trivial for him to write about if he felt that he could be helpful; a Sunday school teacher discouraged, a member of the choir at the church suffering from a supposed slight, or a young man commencing business and losing heart because of the difficulties confronting him.

Mr. Mackintosh did not attempt 'fine' writing, which is invariably bad writing. Thoroughly honest, he wrote down his thoughts and feelings without reserve; they came forth with an impetuous rush that was like the man, full of life and energy. For more speedy expression he invented a sort of short-long-hand; he wrote the initial letter and the terminal one of a word, and represented the other letters by a dash in between. A specimen of his handwriting is given in facsimile on another page. His abounding good nature permeated every line he wrote, and in his correspondence he continued the ministry that was nearest his heart, of easing the burdens of others and making their life a brighter and better thing.

These letters and extracts from letters, are a few from many of like character, and are printed just as a busy man threw them off. Comparing these letters with the early letters given in the first chapter the reader will see that the spirit which animated him then continues to the end. The last letter of the series has a pathetic interest, for it was written the night before his death, and as will be seen, it was never finished. Nevertheless it forms a fitting conclusion, for in it he was endeavouring to help the fishermen of

Porthleven, West Cornwall, to get a heating apparatus for their chapel. Strange to say, not ten per cent. of the small chapels in that district have any means of artificial heating. Evidently the original builders had enough Methodist fire to warm both body and soul.

Extract from a letter written to a lady. A gem deserving a setting of gold.

“ ‘Greystones,’

“ Dear —

August 31st, 1917.

“ My greatest ambition in life is to help others. I don’t easily forget the days when luxuries were few and far between, when I promised God if He helped me I would help others. God did his part ; I must do mine.

JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

Letter urging the necessity of opening a local relief fund for the assistance of victims of the war.

“*To the Editor of the ‘Halifax Daily Guardian.’*
Sept., 1914.

“ Sir,

“At a time like the present one does not want to unduly alarm one’s friends and neighbours, but it does seem to me, that it would be well to be moving, with a view to deciding what steps should be taken to relieve any distress that may arise as the result of the war crisis in our town.

“ If the war should suddenly collapse and no special help is required, we shall all be very

thankful ; but if the worst comes to the worst, we must stand together, and every man who has been more fortunate than his brother must be prepared to make sacrifices.

"I am sure there are very many in our good old town who will sacrifice, if needs be, both time and money to keep the wolf from the door.

"I hope the Mayor will call us together at the first possible moment, so that an organisation can be completed ready to act immediately, should the necessity arise.

Yours truly,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

A minister's friend.

"Halifax,

"Dear —

Oct. 2nd, 1919.

"Your long letter to hand posted 26th September, received Oct. 2nd ; but this is not bad for these days. Most of our mails at the office are about a week late.

"From your description of a land without railways one can imagine that you will not miss the trains now a strike is on, but up North we all know well we are in the thick of it.

"It was quite refreshing to read your description of the place and people in the district where you now reside. I am sure that it will appeal strongly to you for a season at any rate. Of course there are advantages in dirt. The old saying, 'Where there's muck there's brass' is a nasty one, but it is to some extent true. Still, the picture you paint of 'your' people and the

little fishing village, makes one almost long to be there.

“Those tramps to the ‘other’ chapels will bother you I fear. Would it help you and the church if I went into partnership with you, and we bought a ‘gee gee’ and carriage of some kind? Would it be cheaper keeping a horse of one’s own rather than constantly hiring? Think this over, and if any real help, let me know. If it would not save much it would not be worth while of course, but if a big help, I am ‘game,’ and promise not to expect dividends, of the usual kind at any rate.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

Kind feelings should have full expression.

“ ‘Greystones,’

“ Dear — July 5th, 1919.

“Your more than kind letter to hand. The worst of such kind expressions as you use to me, is, that it makes one a bit nervous, lest perchance one does not live up to them. But, dash it all, why should not folks say what they feel? Conventions wrap us up, so that we go through life leaving all the best things and the truest things unsaid. Folks are ready enough to say nasty things when they are due, eh? Well, this looks like fishing for more compliments, but really I am not.

I am,
Your friend,
JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

Humourous expression of his views in regard to women preaching.

“ Dear —

Halifax.

“ I have arranged with the Rev. H. Smith for a deaconess and she will try and come in time for our church meeting on the 17th instant. We will get her into the work of visiting and attending the various meetings. I hope she does not want to preach for I don't like women preachers, although I would pretend I did, if it suited the people and the deaconess. However, I have told Mr. Smith we are not getting her for the pulpit, but for the work women can do far better than men, such as visiting the 'Women's Own,' Sunday School, &c.

JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

Winter and enforced absence from “ Queen's Road.”

“ Dear —

Halifax.

“ I kept to the house last week after Monday, and was in bed three days. Sunday we had a share in the big snow-storm, and when I looked through the window, the snow was quite a foot deep or more around 'Greystones.' The view from our windows was fine ; the hills all round being white, they showed up splendidly. I could not get the taxi people to come across the moor, and I had to give up my intention of going to 'Queen's Road,' so that Sunday was spoiled very much. I never think the week seems the same, if one is robbed of church on Sunday.

"I got back to business on Monday—yesterday ; and besides this, I had an appointment with the Advisory Committee. Several of our men have to join up on May 15th. The few we then shall have will come up for review again on a later date, so we breathe again for a few months.

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

Appeal for help for prisoners of war.

"To the Editor of the 'Halifax Courier.'

"Sir, Halifax, 21st September, 1917.

"I have read your appeals for comforts for our Halifax soldier boys, and, though I have tried to do my bit fairly regularly, I feel there is great need for a special effort just now.

"Having a son a prisoner of war, I am naturally drawn to prisoner of war funds ; but wherever our sons are they need looking after and ought to be remembered from time to time. The sentiment of Christmas-time is such, that an ordinary parcel becomes a gift from the 'Fairy Godmother.' The boys will find the sentiment all right if we provide the parcel.

"One hundred and eighty men have gone from my firm. I enclose a cheque for £60. This will cover the cost of a Christmas parcel to each of them, and leave a balance over for a few who have no one to watch over their interests. I have received the following message on a post-card to-day, from one of the 'Duke of Wellington's.' He is speaking on behalf of a number of the Duke's soldiers who were in my son's platoon :—

‘Kriegsgefangenen Stammlager, Limburg,
Mr. Mackintosh. Germany.

Dear Sir,

Just a few lines to you, which I hope you will answer. I and my comrades have been wondering, ever since we were taken prisoners, how your son is getting on. Ever since that morning of May 3rd, when we saw him lying helpless, we have wondered if he got back all right, or if he was taken prisoner. I trust not the latter, as he was such a good sort to us boys. If he had the good luck to get back and is at home, just tell him that we were taken prisoners on that morning, and that we are in a bad way now, and hope that he will not forget us, but help us, as he has always done, now that we are all in want and practically starving.

I remain,

One of your Son's Platoon.'

“It is to help such cases as these that the ‘Courier’ and other funds were established. As long as the war continues the help will be required. In spite of all the difficulties at home, don't let us forget those lads, who become almost childish in their joy on receiving a parcel from home. Just fancy those lads who opened their parcels ‘slowly,’ as reported in the ‘Halifax Courier,’ on the 15th instant.

“I believe the three things that keep the heart in the soldiers abroad are—first, the hope of peace; second, letters from home; third, parcels. I trust that help will roll in for your Christmas and other funds.

"I enclose £100 for your 'General Fund,' half of which I should like devoting for parcels to prisoners of war.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

Sympathetic letter to a former representative of the firm in Germany.

" 'Greystones,'

" Dear —

19th Nov., 1917.

"I was glad to hear that you managed to get a visit from your wife after two years' absence. How little we thought what was before us, when I used to stay at your house at Crefeld. I suppose the old familiar town is quite a camp for English prisoners at the present time.

"It will be easy for us who are comfortable at home, to give advice to you about having patience and all the rest of it, but I think our time will be better spent in doing all we can to press those who have the matter in hand, to complete arrangements for your liberation as quickly as possible.

"You kindly refer to my health. I am sorry to say that I am in these days almost an invalid, but I manage to put in some hours at business every day, and do a considerable amount of work about town, one way or another. If I followed my feelings I should many a day do nothing, but I am thankful to say, that my will power can force even a weak body to do a considerable amount of work in a day's time. I am always expecting to be better. You will remember that day I was with you in a solicitor's

office,—I forget the town where we were, but suddenly I had a heart attack.

“That seems to have been the beginning of my trouble. Every now and again I have a heart attack of that kind with varying severity, some very much milder than the one I refer to, the others quite as bad. I have always to carry tablets in my pocket to take when the attacks bother me. My doctor says that I am getting better of them, and that as my heart is not diseased in any way, I ought in time to get over them. In the meantime they set a limitation on what I can do, and I have always to study before engaging to undertake any work, whether it would induce a heart attack. Speaking of the heart in this way will make you think I am at death’s door. Nothing of the kind! I am able to do a considerable amount of work, so long as I take extreme care in the doing of it.

JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

A long and charming letter from a busy man ; a model for correspondents.

‘Greystones,’

“My dear Friends,

Halifax.

“Telepathy must have been at work, for just at the moment you thought, ‘I must write to Mr. Mackintosh,’ I was saying to myself, ‘I must write to Mr. Crutchley,’ hence our letters crossed in the post.

“Well, I fear I must inflict my long hand on you once again. I am here at ‘Greystones,’ Saturday evening, and my typewriter is locked up at Albion Mills.

"I know quite well that people who will write long-hand, even with a fountain pen, in such a scrawl as this ought to be put under lock and key; for they are a danger to the society's health and temper. But I have just read your letter of the 10th inst., and your letters act on me like a red rag on a bull, and I feel I must 'butt in,' and toss something or other, and help to stir up someone, I hope for their good.

"First, let me say how delighted we are (my wife sits in her rocking-chair whilst I write. She has read the letter) to hear of your improved health. I will send two tins of toffee on Monday, one for yourself and one for Doctor Moody, which please pass to him, with my grateful thanks for all his goodness to you.

"I must plead guilty of neglect in not writing you of late. I did not know, however, that it was my 'turn.' If I do miss for too long, remind me, and I must do the same by you.

"I know what you do in the way of cheering folks up with your letters. Listen to this:—

"'Mr. Crutchley writes me from time to time, and real tip-top letters they are too, and he tells me not to reply; and I know he writes to a lot of other fellows away on service as well as me.' Extract from Harold's letter just to hand.

"Did you know I was a Justice of the Peace? You will have to be more careful than ever now, won't you? I have been at the Court most days this week, just an hour or so, mid-day. I am done now for a month; the magistrates share the work.

"It is interesting work; I am all for letting 'em off. The magistrates tell me I shall get

an eye-opener in time, as it is often mistaken kindness. We have wife-beaters (I like to give them 'gyp'), boy burglars, very few drunks; light restriction orders, short weight, profiteers, &c., &c.

"Douglas has got his artificial foot, or leg I should say, for it is really that. He can get about fine with the help of a stick, and as his leg gets stronger it is expected that he will go even better. You cannot tell which leg it is scarcely. He has applied for his discharge, but of course they take time to consider these matters. We want to get him back to the office now that he is able to go without crutches.

"My health,—I am better a lot than I was a year ago. I occasionally have trouble with my heart and always have difficulty in walking far. But when I take care I usually do very well, and get through the day's work with enjoyment. Thanks for your kind enquiries.

"The Hun,—yes I feel like you, and to-day especially. One of Douglas's school-chums, one who was with him in the trenches in the early days of the war, went to a watery grave in the Dublin - Holyhead boat, put down by the 'U Boats.' His invalid mother lives near us, and when our boys were out in France, she often used to have her bath-chair stopped at our gate, whilst Mother went out to have a talk about the prospects of the lads getting home safely.

"Well he came back badly gassed, recovered partly, and was training men at camp, and had been over to Ireland with a draught of men, and returning was drowned. He was killed as much by the 'Sinn Feiners' in Ireland as by the Germans, for the draught of soldiers was going to Ireland because Martial Law had been

proclaimed there. Harold writes this week, saying that 'Two hundred and fifty soldiers have arrived in the little village where we have our base, in consequence of Martial Law being enforced in this district.'

"But let us pass on to pleasanter things. We have got them 'on the run' at last, and we shall see what we shall see within a week or two. Do you know I have been fixing the end of October for peace, for three months past. We are to have the beginning of it at any rate. When that day comes!! Well, as a mutual friend of ours says, 'It will be an 'appy day.'

"We unveil a portrait of our old friend J. Hancock, in the school, on Sunday afternoon. I receive it on behalf of the Sunday School and the trustees. Shall be glad to see it on the walls; he was a faithful 'Queen's Road' worker. His children have given it.

"Doctor Burns from the Halifax Parish Church is taking the chair and giving an address at Hanover shortly. I think it is a Missionary Meeting. A step in the right direction.

"I was medically examined and turned down 'Grade IV' July last. Mr. Henderson was a grade above me, but still outside the pale, so he cannot crow over me. Do you know the latest? One boy meeting another says, 'My grandfather has got his 'crawling up papers.'

"Speaking again of the Dublin boat, it is the route my son goes by when leave comes round. Harold tells me that the first time he went over, they saw a 'U Boat,' but managed to dodge it. So you can tell that I have felt this to come home rather closely to us.

"My wife is well. Eric is well, and getting bigger every day.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

Illuminated address, and Christmas music.

" 'Greystones,'

"Dear —

2nd Dec., 1919.

"You have stolen a march upon me this time. I have lost my turn ; I have been going to write you ever since I opened your last letter, but somehow every minute has been employed, except for a few now and again that I had when I could not drag my body to the desk. I have been more than usually busy. For instance I had only one evening free last week, and that wasn't free. Is that Irish? I had to prepare a speech for 'Square' Sale of Work the next day. I had also to get some figures together for a meeting at our school, &c.

"They sprang a surprise upon me at 'Queen's Road' the other evening. I went to a 'Church meeting, with refreshments. A discussion took place about finances, chant books, &c., but later I found I had been 'led a lamb to the slaughter,' for an Illuminated Address, bound in morocco was presented to me. This was a memento of the big effort I managed to pull off a few months ago. I think you have had all particulars before.

"I have now two Illuminated Addresses in this form, one from my workpeople and one from my associates in the church. What more could a man want? I was deeply thankful and only

hope I may be worthy of all these expressions of good-will.

"Christmas is coming. You ought to be at 'Greystones' on the 25th. No less than six bands usually come. Since I have been president of King Cross Band my repute as a lover of brass bands has gone apace. Even the Salvation Army comes,—not very tuneful at the best, but when half frozen they are much worse. The worse they play the bigger the subscription.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

Letter to "Halifax Courier."

"To the Editor of the 'Halifax Courier.'"

"Halifax,

"Dear Sir, 3rd December, 1919.

"'Heathen' writes in last Saturday's 'Courier' upon a topic important to all interested in the religious and social work of the town. I would like to say one or two things that came to my mind as I read 'Heathen's' letter.

"First; why will so many people think that a crowd is morally wrong because it 'walks'; if it sat or stayed at home and went to sleep it would be a very good crowd they think, but to actually walk about and occasionally jump, shocks them very much.

"In thinking about these young people, many persons blame the Church and Sunday school for not tackling the problem of entertaining them or instructing them on Sunday evenings.

"If, as I surmise, 'Heathen' has experience of Sunday school work, he will know that what

I am going to say is quite true. You cannot expect the workers in the churches and Sunday schools of this town to undertake any more work on Sundays. I know something about the activities of hundreds of these workers in Halifax, and the same thing applies to most other towns. I will sketch the programme of a Sunday school worker :—

“Breakfast, Sunday morning,—8-30.

“Off to Sunday school for ‘Opening Service,’ 9 o’clock to 9-15. No trams running on Sunday mornings.

“Meet scholars still arriving in large numbers in some Sunday schools.

“After the opening ceremony, retire to Class Rooms for lessons, lasting from half an hour to forty minutes ; return to Assembly Hall for concluding devotions.

“At 10-20 a.m. assemble in church near by, teachers and workers sitting with the scholars.

“After the ‘Children’s Address’ and ‘Scholars’ Hymn,’ the children are usually allowed to retire, about 11 a.m.

“Teachers and workers remain to the church service ; return home to dinner 12 to 12-30 ; at 1-45 again off to school. The boys and girls are present now in large numbers ; all in the best of spirits of course, which means noise, unless it is directed by the teacher into other interesting channels. School dismissed at from 3 to 3-30 p.m. ; home to tea or a short walk ; back to church at 6 or 6-30 p.m. At many churches there are still after-meetings of one kind or another at 7-30 p.m.

“Remember that the churches are run in the main by Sunday school workers. Does ‘Heathen,’ or any other reasonable man, mean to say that these people are called upon to add

to their labours, and to extend the work of the Sabbath day even beyond the hours mentioned above? I have no doubt, occasionally, help would be given by Sunday school workers, but you cannot expect to put burdens on to the willing horse until you break his back.

"I quite agree with 'Heathen' that some further attempt should be made to offer the crowds of young folks an opportunity to meet together on Sunday evenings, in some form of service, or even just socially. But the persons to do this work are those hundreds of people (many of whom used to be Sunday school workers) who have been resting for years.

"In addition to this, there are scores of men and women in Halifax who have all the brains required, who have business ability, and who will sacrifice a great deal, if only you can touch the responsive chord in their souls. Many of these persons do nothing but 'rest,' or 'entertain' on the Sabbath day. Why should not they attend to the work that 'Heathen' has suggested? I believe they would if the matter were properly organised, and the suggestions were put before them in the right way.

"We must not forget that the Y.M.C.A. is doing something of this kind of work in the permanent building at Clare Hall. A fine service is conducted expressly for the young people referred to, the room being crowded every Sunday evening. If other rooms could be utilised in a similar way, or if the Y.M.C.A. itself could develop further on the same lines, by taking the Picture Houses or similar places, then a need would be met.

Yours truly,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

A pathetic letter written in consequence of failing health.

“ ‘Greystones,’

“ Dear —

“ I am dictating a letter of a type that has not often been received from me during my lifetime. When I have consented to undertake a duty I have usually gone on with it; but in this case after very careful consideration, I feel quite justified in doing an unusual thing. I refer, of course, to the presidency of the Sunday School Union.

“ I have no doubt you will remember, that, in my first letters answering your request, I told you that my health did not warrant me taking on this office; but I allowed myself to be persuaded against my better judgment, and I began to enter into the spirit of the thing. I have, however, had indications of late, that warn me to take the advice of my family and friends and retire from this position. None, I think, will charge me with lack of sympathy with Sunday school interests; and no one will say that I do not work to the last ounce of my energy. There are many things one must do even if one expected to die to-morrow, and these things I shall always do without complaining, but I know that I am not in a fit condition to pile on the work any more. I must pay attention to my business, which is, as you know, of considerable size, and added anxieties have come to everyone in business through the restrictions and new obligations brought by the war.

“ I have been more than usually out of sorts this last fortnight, and as I have Mrs. Mackintosh very seriously ill, with the doctor attending twice a day, I have taken the opportunity of talking

to him on this matter, and he has told me that I am not in a fit condition to continue this work, and that I must ease off considerably. I cannot explain to the man in the street just how I am ; but my family realise that I am not safe to be about without someone by my side who understands me. It was entirely out of good will to yourself and the movement, that I consented to accept the office.

“ But the fact that I am withdrawing from the next year’s presidency does not alter my love for the cause nor my desire to help it, and you. I promised the committee £250, so that things could be done in a worthy manner ; that is, if this could be arranged without looking too much of a ‘one man show.’ If you could look upon me as a ‘sleeping partner,’ I would always do what I could in finances, up to a reasonable amount, and so assist the committee.

“ I don’t intend to become a cipher in the town now. I shall live as long as I can, in spite of the fact that I am well insured ; but as a sound-headed Yorkshire business man, you will understand my letter quite well, I am sure, and will take the best steps to get me out of the tangle.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKINTOSH.”

Good work that cannot be tabulated.

“ ‘Greystones,’

“ Dear —

22nd Jan., 1920.

“ Many thanks for your kind letter of January 1st, 1920. Allow me to reciprocate your good

wishes for this year. My, how the time skips along! It is the 22nd already.

"I can imagine the cold crisp day you describe in your letter. We have only a few such days. January has, with the exception of a few days, been mild as spring, and I have a red rosebud out in the garden, but it cannot get sufficient sunshine to burst out. My home overlooks 'The Moor'; you remember the old moor, with the orphanage at the top; I face the side, and overlook in the distance, Norland; and beyond, Stainland on the hill side. It is lovely, winter or summer.

"I should think that churches and schools are fine institutions in your country, as not only religious homes but social clubs, &c.

"I was at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A. last night at its new permanent home, and find it is going strong,—some 850 members, and more joining all the time. A new 'Boys' Section' just opened, and splendid work is being done. Doctor Burn, the Vicar of Halifax, sat in front of me, and near by was the president of the Halifax Free Church Council. The Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P., the chairman of the House of Commons, presided. [Now Speaker—Ed.]

"One is puzzled with the questions that arise respecting the Church's position in these days. On the whole, over here I am an optimist. It is not true to say that the churches are empty in England, and whoever says so is wrong. Is it true to say 'the house is empty' when you visit a friend and find the door locked, or you find only the old grandmother in? My own church has two hundred and fifty members and more adherents. We have four hundred scholars and about fifty teachers. There is something taking place nearly every night in connection with

one department or another. I go to other schools a lot, and visit all kinds of useful and philanthropic institutions, and I find many of them are staffed by old 'Queen's Road' scholars. Are we to overlook these services in reckoning up pros and cons? I think we must take very great credit for all the men working in the various religious and social institutions of our towns, who were trained to this kind of work in our Sunday schools.

"I don't think I could stand your so many degrees below zero, but I have had sufficient experience of Canadian and American weather conditions to know, that, you have many compensations, and some most delightful days. Whenever we get a similar day, about once every three months, in England, I am telling my wife and others—'This is real Canadian weather.' However it is good to know that we all have compensations. It is 22nd January and all round my garden the crocuses are showing a green leaf quite an inch above the ground. This is because of the mild January we have had. There has scarcely been any snow yet this winter.

"You ask about our health. Glad to say that I am fairly well,—not robust, but still, you know the old Halifax saying, 'walking about to save funeral expenses,' if one may indulge in a little humour about such things. Mrs. Mackintosh, however, has had rather a bad time recently, having been down with pneumonia for six weeks, but she has every appearance of getting better quickly from now onwards.

"With kindest regards to yourself, your wife and mother.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MACKINTOSH."

Last and unfinished letter, written the evening previous to his passing.

“ ‘Greystones,’

“ Dear —

26th Jan., 1920.

“ There are money-lenders who lend £100 and demand £150 back. If I am to become a money-lender in the Lord's service, I must have another rule.

“ I will lend £100 on condition that your people repay £75 within two years or thereabouts ; the £25 being a special inducement to get the money repaid and off their mind.

“ The only fear one has when dealing with such loyal and good folk as yours, is, that they may hurt themselves in trying too hard.

“ If you think the offer worth passing on let me know, and I will send the money.

“ You certainly must have a heating apparatus. Those cheeky little primroses you see in the garden are only laughing at you, and saying, ‘Don't bother ; it will soon be warm weather !’ They are cheeky as I have said, and yet we all love them.

“ It only seems the other day since you said (it was early in December) ‘You should see the autumn tints down here ; they are lovely.’ And now the primroses are coming. Well, Cornwall is a long way from Halifax. Still I have a fine large rose-bud on one tree in my garden. It got too far to go back and has remained. It is looking very faded, but I don't nip it off because it really did try to get out.

“ We are having a glorious January. My wife has been in bed since December ; her room faces south, and she says we have had some sunshine almost every day this year. This helps on the winter, does it not?

“ ‘Hurrah !’ Mrs. M. was ‘Up’ this afternoon, just for one hour ; she was in the bedroom in her favourite rocking - chair, wrapped in blankets, &c., &c.

“ She is no worse to-night, and she will get braver each day now, until we get her downstairs. Seven weeks in bed for one who has not had one day in bed for thirteen and a half years.

“ I am sorry you are feeling out of the running just now. I am expecting you to keep up, for I have been saying to myself, ‘ If friend Crutchley can do, so can I.’ ”

So the letter ends in the middle of a sentence. How like life as we see it ! A serial story left unfinished here to be continued from the point where it was broken off ! A Christian minister requested that his epitaph might be this ;—“ Here endeth the first lesson ! ” Other lessons elsewhere : the service continued in the higher sanctuary.

Needless to say the family joyfully carried out the father’s wishes and within twelve months the Porthleven fishermen met their obligations and now find their sanctuary as comfortable in the winter as in the pleasant Cornish summer.

A biography, like a well-furnished and well-regulated house, should have its window blinds and curtains, although there is nothing to conceal. But, notwithstanding this, a friendly public may be permitted to visit the family at 'Greystones,' without infringing their privacy. Mr. Mackintosh had a genius for family life as well as for business, and no account of him would be complete without a sketch of him in his home surroundings.

He lived on Savile Moor, in the beautiful but unpretentious residence of 'Greystones.' A long garden with green terraces on either side of the centre walk, leads down to the entrance gates. Roses, the 'Hiawatha' and 'Dorothy Perkins' climb about the pillars of the portico. Mr. Mackintosh knew every flower in the garden, and when winter approached, he would write to his friends and describe the struggles of the last rose of summer, or the first promise of spring, doing its best to bloom in the icy blast that blew from the Yorkshire hills. In the last letter he ever wrote he told of a red rose-bud in his garden, struggling to flower, which was spared by him, 'though it was faded because it did its best to open.' He loved the view of the wide-spreading moor and the hills beyond, visible from the front windows of 'Greystones,' and he watched for the first snow which whitened and clothed the heights weeks before snow fell in the streets of Halifax.

His kindly influence in the home circle of the 'Clan Mackintosh' bound the members together in the closest and most tender ties of family affection. When he was asked if there was any Scotch blood in his veins he would answer with a laugh, "I expect my forefathers came down with 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' in his raid on England, and getting as far as Preston, were lost and settled in these parts."

His grandmother remembered brawny kilted relatives, who, when she was a child, came on visits to her home, and all the songs she was taught to sing, were old Scotch folk-lore songs.

Successful men are not always agreeable men in such cases their household suffers much from their eccentricities. Mr. Mackintosh was best beloved, and his genius was most admired, by the members of his own family.

The clannishness of the Mackintosh's was never exclusive, and visitors to 'Greystones' found themselves admitted at once into the family circle. Some families make the visitor painfully conscious that he is a stranger on a visit, and that there will be mutual relief when it is over. But here was a different atmosphere; a cheerful welcome awaited the guest and he was made to feel at home as soon as he had crossed the threshold. Mrs. Mackintosh's gracious spirit makes her most thoughtful for the comfort of her guests. There is no fuss, but every want is quietly supplied. Nothing is a trouble to her that can give a moment's pleasure to those whom she honours with her friendship. Her refining influence is everywhere felt in the home, and Mr. Mackintosh owed to her much of the brightness and charm of his surroundings. She who helped him to rise to his high position, helped him to enjoy it when it was won.

Time has dealt kindly with Mrs. Mackintosh. Quietly observing her, one is astonished to think that, with her husband, she passed through all the strain of those early business years. She seems to fit so naturally into her surroundings that it is difficult to imagine her in any other more strenuous life.

There was no display of any kind either in the house or by the host and hostess. All the appointments of the home suggested elegance and taste, but more than all else, homely comfort. There was the absence of all constraint, and the guest was led insensibly to act as though the entire establishment were his own. Looking back and reflecting on the pleasant hours we have spent there, it appears to us that this was precisely the object aimed at by both host and hostess. 'Greystones' was 'Liberty Hall.'

When Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh happened to be out, and the visitor was shown into the 'Morning Room,' there was much to interest him, if he chose to wait. The room might easily be mistaken for the Library, so many choice books and beautiful editions of standard works abound. Here are also 'articles of vertu' rare and beautiful, gathered by Mr. Mackintosh from many lands. A few fine pictures adorn the walls. Amid such surroundings the time slips away imperceptibly, until the door suddenly opens and the host walks in. As he enters the room he expresses his regret that he was not at home when his visitor arrived, and offers such a hearty welcome that his guest is glad to have stayed.

The personal appearance and the personality of Mr. Mackintosh were alike pleasing. There was no 'hustle' about him, nor did he affect a curt and peremptory manner like some successful men. Gentleness is a family



Greystones.

characteristic of the Mackintoshes, and Mr. Mackintosh was literally a *gentle*-man, as Mrs. Mackintosh is a *gentle*-woman. He was clean shaven except for a closely cropped moustache, his hair was tinged with grey, and was growing thin on the upper portions of the head. His eyes were very expressive, ready to light up with a smile that illumined his whole face at the slightest provocation. He was alert in his movements, unless his old enemy the gout was troubling him; and one noticed this at once, for he was built on generous lines. He was a big man, and he lived in a big county, and was the head of a big business, so nature gave him a big body, a big brain and a big heart. But there was nothing gross about his physical development; he was one of those comfortable looking men, good to see and good to know; as a working man phrased it, "Worth a pound a week to look at!" He carried a bit of sunshine about with him wherever he went, and he speedily became the centre of interest, and the life of any small party, whether young or old, that might gather around him.

The guest soon finds that it is pleasant to have a chat with a man so widely travelled, for he had been everywhere, and had gathered the 'harvest of a quiet eye,' and he told what he had seen in clear, nervous English. He had also a fund of good stories, mostly of his own experiences in various parts of the world. When current topics were introduced he expressed his opinions without heat and with a glint of humour that made them both interesting and amusing.

Though he was himself a non-smoker, his guest found that he had provided a good brand of cigars for those who could appreciate them. They were offered with perfect friendliness, and

when accepted, the smoker was not regarded with veiled pity, nor did his host assume superior airs and pass caustic comments on human frailties. He was happy if he made his friend happy, and as he used to say, he 'enjoyed his cigars most when other men smoked them.'

On adjourning to the drawing-room we soon have the whole family present. The eldest son and his wife, together with Mr. Mackintosh's two sisters, and his brother-in-law will be there. Douglas has returned and we try to get some news out of him about the war, but it comes only in dribblets. At length a novel suggestion is made by one of his aunts;—"Let us all sit round and cross-examine him in turn, and make him tell us!" Douglas smilingly agrees, and he answers every question with the brevity of a telegram. If all had been put into a letter the 'Censor' could have passed it without one qualm of conscience! The youngest son has books and ingenious toys which he is anxious to show the company.

The American Mail has brought some interesting pictorial magazines and they are distributed amongst the guests and members of the family. Presently Mr. Mackintosh enquires whether the company would like to hear him read a selection from some humorous author. He has previously marked the passages that have appealed to himself. He was a good reader, who not only himself saw the humour of what he read, but managed to convey it undiluted to his hearers.

When the reading is over the conversation bursts out a-fresh, like a stream that has been temporarily obstructed and now is again free to resume its course. There was not a dull moment

nor a dull face during the entire evening. Comic incidents and funny experiences related by the host, and supplemented by the eldest son and the brother-in-law, keep up the interest, and the guests find the stream of talk flowing along so pleasantly and easily that they are tempted to contribute their quota. All formality and constraint are banished; there is good will and plenty of hearty merriment, in which everyone freely joins.

Time slips away unconsciously; we are surprised to discover that the hour is so late, and we intimate that we must be going as we have to cross the moor. But we find that this also has been thought of, and the host informs us that he has 'ordered the car to be round at 12 o'clock, so we must sit down and finish the programme.'

Many such evenings we recall with unfeigned pleasure and of them we retain only happy memories. While there was many a good jest and not a little good humoured nonsense, there was never a hurtful nor an unkind word spoken. We cannot wish for more pleasant and profitable hours, than many we have spent at 'Greystones' with 'The Clan Mackintosh.'

"Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Simeon, Luke ii. 29.

Though Mr. Mackintosh knew from various symptoms that at any time the end might come, and all his work had to be done with the consciousness of this; like the sword of Damocles hanging suspended by a single hair over his head; yet he went cheerfully about his daily tasks, and attended to his great business and to his public duties. "There are things," he was wont to say, "that must be done even if a man expected to die to-morrow."

John Wesley was once asked by a lady, "Suppose that you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied; "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest and wake up in glory."*

If a man is living worthily no change is needed to prepare for the end. Had Mr. Mackintosh known that on the morrow he would

*Wakeley's "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," page 163.

pass into the presence of his Lord, he could not have spent his last day on earth more fittingly than he did. Mrs. Mackintosh was slowly recovering from a severe illness. The day was Monday, January 26th, 1920. As was customary with him during his wife's illness, his first half hour after rising in the morning, was spent in her room, conversing cheerfully and raising her spirits with hopes of a speedy recovery. On this particular morning he elaborated a plan which he had formed in his own mind, to take her for a pleasant holiday to the South of England. Her mind was thus filled with bright anticipations and she had something to think of, and to look forward to, during the tedious hours in the sick room.

Leaving 'Greystones' immediately after breakfast, he drove to the court and took his place on the bench with his brother magistrates, dealing sympathetically with the cases on which he was called to adjudicate, his gracious disposition ever manifest even when obliged to make the way of transgressors hard. When the business of the court was over he went to his office, where he spent the remainder of the day. It is significant that the chief business on which he was engaged, was that of negotiating for a site on which to erect more commodious premises for the better accommodation of some part of the staff, for refreshment and recreation. His very last act in connection with his business, was to secure the comfort and increase the well-being of those who were associated with him in his great enterprises.

On returning to 'Greystones' he spent another hour with Mrs. Mackintosh and again spoke of the promised holiday, and also gave her an interesting and amusing account of the day's work.

In the evening he went to 'Queen's Road' to attend the Annual Trustees Meeting, in which he accepted office as treasurer for the twenty-eighth year in succession. Entering with zest into the proceedings, he devoted his great business ability to the successful working of the church as earnestly as he did the conduct of his own business. When the meeting was over, he took the minister and anyone else going his way, into his car. It was his usual custom, a kindly act and typical of the man. Sometimes it happened that one of his workmen, who had attended a church meeting at a distance, was thus carried within a few yards of home. In the mind of John Mackintosh there was no distinction in the church between master and man, and if there were room in the car, the stoker of the boilers at the works was as welcome as the manager.

On arriving again at 'Greystones' his day's work was not yet completed, for he wrote two letters; one enclosing a cheque for a sick minister to enable him to take a much needed holiday, and the other to a minister in Porthleven, West Cornwall, offering to assist the fishermen to obtain a heating apparatus for their church. This last interesting letter, as we have already seen, was left unfinished. Something compelled him to break off suddenly in the middle of a sentence and retire to rest. It may have been some sudden sense of illness, or access of utter weariness. Whatever the cause it marked the end of his life's work. The two letters and the cheque were found in his pocket after his death.

On Tuesday morning, January 27th, 1920, Mr. Mackintosh rose at his usual hour and went to pay his morning visit to his sick wife. Sitting

quietly down by the bed-side he passed immediately into the light of the divine presence. A beautiful ending to a beautiful life, but tragic for those who were left behind, especially so for the faithful and loving wife, helpless with her affliction. For him, in Shelley's beautiful phrase, it was,

“The awakening from the dream of life.”

What John Mackintosh was to his friends and to all who came into close relationship to him, it would be difficult to set down in cold print. In the book of Job we read, “When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless also, that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the needy and the cause of him I knew not I searched out.” In Job's defence of himself against unjust criticism, there is expressed beautifully and truthfully, what the poor and needy felt towards John Mackintosh. The description is true even to the ‘searching out’ of the cause of him he knew not.

But if one thing more than another could be offensive to him, it would be for his friends to represent him as being better than his fellows. He hated phylacteries and the blowing of trumpets to advertise personal virtues or peculiar sanctity. For him the gold of life must be coined and put, without ostentation, into the currency of golden deeds. He possessed the saving grace of humour, and he could enjoy a laugh at himself, and the little foibles and weaknesses which he shared with

the rest of his fellows. Any attempt to place him on a pedestal to be worshipped at a distance would be a disservice, and totally out of keeping with his character. He was of the race of Abou Ben Adhem, and he would have asked the angel recorder to "Write me down as one that loves his fellow-men." Less cannot in truth be said of him, more he never desired. The evidence of his love for his kind is found in his whole life, and was proved by the sorrow that desolated many a humble home when he died. His name, known all over the world, was most beloved in "The place where he was brought up."

The lines written by John Greenleaf Whittier, in tribute to his friend, Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, might have been written expressly for John Mackintosh :—

"Not his the golden pen or lip's persuasion
But a fine sense of right,
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.
His faith and works, like streams that inter-
In the same channel ran ; [mingle,
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.
The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
A love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.
Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied, [weakness
That they who judged him by his strength or
Saw but a single side. [ness
And now he rests ; his greatness and his weak-
No more shall seem to be at strife
And death hath moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."



Queen's Road Church.



Last visit to his beloved Church.

The funeral was an imposing and impressive pageant, the expression of the deep respect and sincere affection of Halifax for one who had served her unselfishly and devotedly. The following description was given by the "Halifax Weekly Guardian, January 31st, 1920 :—

"No finer tribute to the memory of one of her sons can ever have been paid, than that which was rendered by Halifax yesterday, when the mortal remains of the late Councillor Mackintosh were laid to rest. The townspeople turned out in their thousands on the route of the great procession of mourners, who accompanied the body of their respected fellow-townsmen to its last resting-place. The scene in Queen's Road United Methodist Church was one which those who participated in it, will never forget. Strong men bowed their heads and bit their lips, while women wept unrestrainedly. It was not that the service was more highly emotional in itself than any other funeral service. The tears that flowed came from the fount of a real and deep sorrow, that one who was so well loved and so highly esteemed, had been taken. In his private, public, and commercial life, the late Councillor John Mackintosh had endeared himself to all those with whom he came into contact. Of him it could be truly said that 'He walked with God,' and the deep-seated sincerity of his religion as evidenced in everyday life, was responsible for the remarkable display of grief manifested yesterday. His was a life of practice which marched abreast of his precept, and the people recognised it, and loved him for it. Stricken with grief as they must be, by the suddenness of the blow, the family of the late Councillor Mackintosh must to-day feel a mournful pride, that the one who has gone from them

held so high a place in the esteem of the people. For a long time to come, it will be the case with regard to Councillor John Mackintosh, that, 'He being dead yet speaketh,' and many will yet 'rise up to call him blessed.'"

The procession, which when in motion, extended nearly half a mile, was preceded by the Constabulary; his workpeople, numbering nearly a thousand, coming next; then the Mayor with other representatives of the Town Council, and the Borough Magistrates; all sections of the public life of Halifax were represented, and the numerous institutions with which Mr. Mackintosh had been associated.

There was an immense profusion of floral wreaths. A solemn funeral service conducted by Dr. Clemens, was held in Queen's Road Church, the audience, which included all the most prominent public men and Christian ministers of Halifax and district, filled the entire building. When the procession was reformed after the service, it appeared greater and more imposing than before. The interment took place at 'All Saints,' in the adjoining hamlet of Salterhebble.

He was so widely known and filled so large a space in the public view, not only of Halifax but also of his native land, that appreciative notices of his life and work appeared in all the leading newspapers of the United Kingdom. To give simply the titles of the papers, would be to print a catalogue of the leading organs of the British Press.

On the Sunday following the funeral sympathetic references were made concerning him in the pulpits of all denominations in Halifax and district.

The veteran United Methodist minister, the Rev. W. F. Newsam; for many years associated

in church work with Mr. Mackintosh, said :—
“That he was beloved by his fellow-townsmen, his funeral gave full proof. Who that saw it can forget those lavish marks of love. Children and old people, rich and poor were there. In his beautiful home, in his well-known church, in the street, at the cemetery, the marks of sorrow at his passing were manifold. Halifax was proud of her son.”

The Memorial Service was conducted by the Rev. J. S. Clemens, B.A., B.D., in Queen’s Road Church, which was again filled to its utmost capacity. Dr. Clemens, as the pastor of the church, could speak of Mr. Mackintosh from intimate personal acquaintance.

The text was taken from the Gospel of St. John, chap. xi. 11 :—“Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.”

“I wish to speak to you this evening,” said Doctor Clemens, “most particularly and with an absence of all formality, concerning ‘our friend’ whose sudden passing a few days since dominates all our thoughts. We meet to-day under a cloud of heaviness and natural grief. A devout and earnest Christian, an affectionate husband and father, a loyal kinsman, a successful man of business, a devoted citizen and a public benefactor has been most suddenly taken from our midst and at a time when we still needed, as we think, his presence and service amongst us. But just now I desire especially to exclude from thought the active and useful public life he was enabled to live as a citizen, and confine myself to some affectionate appreciation of what he was as one of ourselves, as a leader and office-bearer in this church and in this circuit.

“Is there not something very beautiful and arresting in this expression that Jesus let fall on hearing of the death of Lazarus? ‘Lazarus our friend.’ The story lends itself as a symbol and an exemplar. It is not the story of Lazarus alone. It stands for all time; it covers myriads of cases. Believers in every age have drawn comfort from it and applied its deep and sacred meaning to themselves and their own case, when called upon to part with those they dearly loved. Of the ‘great multitude which no man can number’ in the unseen heavenly presence, of those dying in the Lord and passing every day through the ever open door to join that sacred throng, the same story can be told in its essential truth. Loved ones pass away one after another, Mary and Martha still weep, a crowd of sympathising friends still gathers at the grave, and He who is ‘the Resurrection and the Life’ still speaks the immortal words of hope, ‘Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep.’ Drop out the name of Lazarus, leave the space blank, and you may venture to insert the name of someone dear to you who also fell asleep in Jesus.

“And now this evening, with one thought and one remembrance uppermost in our minds we may say, ‘Our friend John Mackintosh has fallen asleep.’ Last Sunday evening at the close of the service our organist was playing, as a concluding voluntary, the well-known chorus from Mendelssohn’s ‘Elijah,’ ‘Be not afraid!’ When he had finished the church seemed empty, but to his surprise there came a voice from the back saying, ‘Thank you very much Mr. Webster, I have stayed to listen to every note of what I think is the finest chorus I know for inspiration and encouragement.’ It was ‘our friend John Mackintosh,’ and then he passed out from the



Last Photograph of Mr. Mackintosh, taken a few months before his death.

church for the last time, and left his old familiar seat to return no more for ever. How pleasant it is to think of his going out with such strains lingering in his ears, and strengthened afresh to face the battle of life. He had his burdens in spite of all the worldly success which came to him.....Now I am sure he would like most of all to be remembered as 'our friend John Mackintosh.' And what a friend he was! In church work, in neighbourly service, in lending a helping hand, our friend was never wanting.

"And now 'our friend John Mackintosh has fallen asleep.' We owe it to our Lord and Master that this beautiful conception of death is firmly enshrined in our Christian faith..... The notion of waking is bound up with the notion of sleeping. The one is essential to the other: they are complementary. No waking, no sleeping. It is supremely a matter of faith. But what a faith, and what an object of faith! It rests upon the sure word of our Saviour Jesus Christ: 'Because I live, ye shall live also,' and it was He who said, 'Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep.'

"Who that looked upon the pale, calm face of the dead on Friday morning last could have any difficulty in feeling deeply, and in spite of all considerations to the contrary, that such a mode of expression was profoundly true? It was the face of a good man, now free from the grime and care of this life, a face that had taken on something of the lineaments of a little child sunk in infant slumber.....And Jesus further said, 'I go to awaken him out of sleep.' Ah, the awaking! Around that point questions most thickly gather. When do they awake? Is it at once and in a moment, or is it after a

period? How do they awake, and what do they awake to?

“But these things are hidden from our eyes. What may and must suffice us is the assurance that those who fall asleep do awake. The majestic figure that was beheld by the seer of Revelation, He who said, ‘I was dead and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and of Hades,’ is one and the same with Him who said, ‘Lazarus our friend is fallen asleep, and I go to awake him out of sleep.’ What activities and services await our friend John Mackintosh in the new order of things into which he has entered! We thankfully admit that he has served a good apprenticeship here, and by God’s grace was prepared in good measure for the higher ministries of heaven. For here he was busy in the ministry of doing good, of helping and encouraging others to the very end. I myself have a letter from him, which I received after I had news of his death, a characteristic letter which I shall always treasure. And still later, I have seen an unfinished letter of his, written with all his mingling of geniality, shrewd wisdom and charity, in which he extends his help to a little chapel in far-off Cornwall. Yes, busy to the end in all manner of works for the sake of the Master he loved and served.....How proud and thankful I am to think that he has left worthy sons who will honour his memory, as it is the province of sons in particular to do, who will in their own way follow in his footsteps, and will be to their widowed mother a strength and a stay! This is as it should be in the service of God, ‘Instead of the fathers shall be the children.’”

‘Staggering as our friend’s departure was to us, it was not without elements of mercy.

He was spared what he must often have feared, death overtaking him in some public place of resort. No, in the quiet of his own home he met the swift end, and like a stricken deer which seeks shelter in the calm sanctuary of some familiar covert, so he, when his mortal pang overtook him, found a sure asylum in the chamber of his well beloved wife, and, by her bedside dying escaped mortality for ever."

FINIS.

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